

# A LOVE-STORY NUMBER OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



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ALL MAIDS and HOUSEWIVES!



Join  
with  
us  
  
Help  
The  
World  
To  
Better  
Bread

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S  
**GOLD MEDAL FLOUR**





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### “USE IVORY SOAP—IT FLOATS!”

“One morning, last summer, at a Michigan resort, a party of girls went down to the lake in their bathing suits for the purpose of washing their hair. Each carried the necessary articles, including a cake of soap. One had a cake of \_\_\_\_\_’s soap; another, a cake of \_\_\_\_\_ soap. Several other varieties were represented.

The place selected was near the pier, and the implements for washing the hair were placed in the interstices of the logs supporting the pier. During the process of washing, the \_\_\_\_\_’s soap girl lost her soap and in the effort to recover it, the \_\_\_\_\_ soap girl lost hers, too. The girl with the Ivory Soap thereupon threw it far out into the lake, swam after it and, holding it aloft, cried: ‘Use Ivory Soap—it floats!’

In the end, all three girls used Ivory Soap—they had to!”

—[Extract from a Letter.]

Again we ask: Even if Ivory Soap were no better than other soaps, does not the fact that *it floats* make it better?

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

VOLUME XXVI, NUMBER 8

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1909

## Editorial

**A**MERICAN WOMEN were certainly fooled this spring by a clever milliner in Paris in their adoption of what is known as the "waste-basket" hat. And today all Paris is laughing in its sleeve at the American women who were tricked.

  
Where  
Paris  
Failed

**THIS CLEVER PARIS MILLINER** WAS ONE DAY studying a picture of the hat worn by the Russian Cossacks when the thought occurred to him to adapt it to women. And the inverted "waste-paper-basket" hat was the result. The word of this milliner was well-nigh law, and a large manufacture of the hat was the result. The Parisian fashion magazines were induced to picture the hat, and the American magazines—this one among the others—followed suit. And in the early spring the Paris windows along the Rue de la Paix blossomed forth. But the milliner had for once gone too far! The smart French women looked these hats over and refused to adopt them. The milliner coaxed and persuaded, but the French women stood firm. "We will not make ourselves look like frights," they said, and they ordered flat hats of the 1908 pattern. The actresses were appealed to, but they also refused, and not a "waste-basket" hat was seen on the French stage. The next blow came when the first of the smart American women came to Paris. Every art known to the French was resorted to, but the American women sided with the French women and refused to buy the hats. The smart women from Saint Petersburg and South America upon whom Paris milliners and dressmakers count most, came, and they struck the final blow to the ugly hat by a refusal to buy. Meantime, to make matters worse, the Parisian women of questionable repute adopted the hat, and this meant its death-knell.

  
"Dump  
Them on  
America"

**THE MILLINERS FOUND THEMSELVES** with hundreds of the hats on their hands and the manufacturers were loaded up with thousands. A meeting was held and it was decided that there was but one thing to do to save a loss that would mount up into the millions of francs: to send all the hats over to America on consignment, "and make," to use the expression of one of the leading Parisian milliners, "the silly American women (note the flattering definition 'silly') believe that it was the latest Parisian fantasy. Let us dump them on America. But," she wisely added, "we must do it right away." And done it was! And thousands of the hats were sent to America and sold as the latest Paris hat. The trick was eminently successful; thousands of silly American girls and women were fooled into buying and wearing the hat that was worn by only the street-women of Paris! There is one saving grace in the situation: for the self-respect of the quieter and better class of American women it can be honestly stated that the ugly hat was refused by them, as it was by the better class of French women.

It is not a very pretty story; but it is very complimentary to thousands of our American girls and women. But it raises a naturally pertinent question: How much longer will the average American woman be fooled by the social decrees of French fashion-makers and their tricks?

  
Why Jewish  
Names Were  
Not There

**I HAD OCCASION NOT LONG AGO** to look over some divorce statistics, and one significant fact stood out very prominently: the almost entire absence of Jewish names. "Why is that, I wonder?" a friend asked. It is not so strange when we remember a few salient facts that are, however, all too little known. When a Jew becomes engaged to be married, for instance, he sends out cards announcing the fact; often he pays for an announcement in the newspapers. He makes his engagement known, with the result that few Jewish engagements are broken. And if we will notice the courting of a young Jew we will find that he is not allowed the run of all the Jewish homes in his neighborhood where young Jewesses live: he is not engaged to half a dozen Jewesses before he is twenty-one. Courtship and marriage are sacred and ancient customs among the Jews: not taken lightly; not entered into promiscuously. And a strict adherence to this custom leads to one or two results that stand out very prominently in any investigations of Jewish womanhood; that there exists a higher standard of purity and virtue among Jewish women than among the women of any other race; that there are fewer Jewish women of the streets than of any other race; that there are fewer divorcees among the Jews than with any other race. In all the investigations made by this magazine into the fearful results of the parental policy of silence with children on the question of their physical selves we invariably encountered but one condition among Jewish parents: they had dealt frankly and honestly with their children. There is a world of food for thought and study in those incontrovertible facts about the Jews and their wise handling of their young on the marriage question. It is all done quietly, but with such marvelous effectiveness, that some day when the divorce figures are analyzed it will amaze the American people to discover how infinitesimal a part the Jew has contributed to the American divorce problem.

  
Mothers  
at  
Twelve

**AT TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK,** there is a home called "Saint Faith's House," one of those God-sanctioned places for the shelter and training of young girls who have taken their first downward step in life. And most of its inmates—listen to this, mothers!—are girls from twelve to fifteen years of age; few have reached twenty. And what is one of the chief causes for these girls being there? Listen to the Worker-in-Charge: "Not only were these girls ignorant that they were being led into sin, but they were also unconscious afterward that sin had been committed." These girls, says this Worker, are the victims "of boys as untaught" as the girls themselves. And then speaking of the parents of these girls she speaks of them as "parents who know the dangers lying about the path of their children, but refuse not only to protect them but even to warn them. . . . No one gives these girls the true view of the most sacred relation of life until the precious gift of their maidenhood is lost in the mire. And so these little thoughtless girls, who still love dolls and play 'tag' with zest, must go through life under a cloud of which they can hardly yet appreciate the meaning."

A pleasant thought for the parents of these child-mothers: a nice indictment of their fatherhood and motherhood! But so tremendously true!

  
They Saw  
"Moving  
Pictures"

**A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY** sent a threatening letter to a wealthy man demanding that he leave \$10,000 in a certain place at a specified time on pain of having his home blown up and his life and that of his fiancée taken. The boy was arrested, and in court acknowledged his guilt and explained that the idea of sending the "hold-up" letter first occurred to him while seeing some "Black Hand" pictures in a moving-picture show. The same week a fifteen-year-old nurse-girl in Chicago stole some costly clothes from her mistress, ran away from home, and set out to seek "the knight of her heart in armor," as she explained she had seen a girl do in a moving-picture show. "Silly girl," we say. True. But it so happens that there are thousands of such, not silly girls nor boys, but impressionable children in our homes who are allowed by their parents to go to these five and ten cent moving-picture shows and who accept them as they see them as chapters from real life, because the actors in them are made real and have a being. Parents do not seem to realize the vicious influence of the pictures shown in the average "moving-picture show," but it is high time that they did not permit their children to attend these shows.

  
No  
Fireworks  
There Either

**OUR HATS GO OFF AGAIN,** AND GLADLY, to two other communities that have seen the wisdom of officially forbidding fireworks on the Fourth of July. Toledo, Ohio, has had such an ordinance since 1904, and our readers there claim that it was the first city in the United States to pass such a law. Good for Toledo and her wise legislators and people! say we. Then the Mayor of the bright little city in Iowa, Le Mars, says that his town has had such an ordinance for five years as well—also since 1904—and the experience of the people of the town since they have had this law has been such, so the Mayor says, as to recommend heartily the passage of a similar ordinance in every city, large and small. We are now on the eve of another annual slaughter, and in those cities where this year there will be the usual deaths and accidents it may, perhaps, occur to the people to insist that what has been so successfully tried in Cleveland, Toledo and Le Mars shall likewise be tried in their communities. It never harms a city to be known as being in line with progressive ideas. But we shall see.

  
A Real  
Grave  
Danger

**LET THERE BE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THIS FACT:** that while it is becoming the fashion to alarm the public about almost everything that it eats, drinks or wears, and while there is no doubt that certain faddists are carrying their warnings too far, there can be no two sides to the danger that lies in the public drinking-cup. The danger here is not fancied, but real. The truth is one of the most sensitive of all our organs for the communication of disease. And any woman with the least common-sense can figure out for herself what it means for us to touch our lips to the same spot where another pair of lips has just been. It is one of the most direct of all human communications. The leading bacteriologists agree that the rinsing of a cup does not remove from it the danger of contagion. Spend half an hour at any public drinking-fountain and watch the people who drink out of the one or two glasses or cups, and not only will the fitness of it, but the positive danger of the practice impress itself upon even the most thoughtless mind. Whatever other precaution we may disregard, we cannot lightly consider the public drinking-cup used by all. It is a menace, real and grave. The trouble is that we do not clearly realize how grave it really is, and at this season, when thousands thoughtlessly drink out of public drinking-cups, no public warning against the practice can be made too strong or too carefully heeded.

# etting Along without Father

By Roy Rolfe Gilson

Author of "In the Morning Glow," "Miss Primrose," etc.

THE equipage was the smartest that the village livery could provide—clean top-buggy with just room for two, and in the shafts Naomi, an inscrutable creature with an air of reserve, but warranted to be sound and clever, and Peggy. Though, being a she was wise in lovers' lanes and lotterings, and knew already by the tender instincts of her mouth, and by the prophetic prickling of her flanks, that this was to be an ordinary joggot into leafy byways, with intervals for browsing. Whatever the adventure, it had its goal, and she would smoke for her work as well aware, and in her mild displeasure at this veritable gadfly of a lover who held the reins, she shook her head, laid back her ears and sighed audibly. The morning was over, there could be no doubt of it—for the hills rose and fell interminably beneath her reluctant hooves, and though she gazed suggestively at every lovely little loney crossway, his answer was a smart reminder of the road ahead.

"Hi! Get along with you—we'll never get there. It's Heaven, Peggy, to leave the old town behind and everybody in it! In town it seems, somehow, as if you still belonged to many people there. But here in the open—little road! I used to think, those days upon the river, that if I could only make you love me it would be perfect after that."

"David!"  
"You know what I mean."  
"Isn't this perfect?"  
"This—yes. But it isn't always this. I've no idea how hard it is to share you with everybody that you ever know. They've had you so long, and I've had you so little while. Sometimes it seems as if I hadn't won you yet—as if I would still have to give you, Peggy, with every living soul that had ever loved you!"

"Does it seem so now?"  
"Ah, no! You are mine today—all mine!"—not even a father to dispute my right to you! That's why I wanted you to come. I wanted to take you away from everything and every one that you had ever known, from every arm that you had ever leaned upon, just to prove to you—"

"What?"  
"Wait and see! I feel as if I could thrash the universe today! Hi, there, Naomi! They're not out to pick flowers!"

Naomi, reined back into the road again, with her mouth full of leaves, and raging to the very tips of her ears at such lack of respect for her master, who cannot lose themselves, even for a moment, in the midst of the most scenic scenery in the world—begins to have notions of her own as to their destination. She had been this way before, and considering her gait and the descending sun, plain horse-sense can guess where they are going, and it is a good ten miles from the manger to the stables they bring you at Quillier's.

Quillier's!  
Even the horses know Quillier's, and of their own volition turn in at the gate. It is a small place, and David, each time that he utters it, squeezes Margaret's hand. To her, as yet, the place is but a name out of a story—a pastoral tale of Monsieur Quillier, who was once chief coffee-maker to the Sultan. Or, if not the Sultan, why, then, Delmonico—or, at any rate, somebody whom he served in some such delicate capacity, they say, and so greatly to the advantage of his greasy wallet that he was enabled to retire at last into the country, for which he had sighted all those warty coffee-making, money-making years in town.

Coming originally from one of those little gray villages of the French post-roads, he had longed, with the scent of Java in his nostrils, for the smell of hay. Son of a peasant, Monsieur Quillier had wished for more air, more sky. He was a cook, to be sure, but in spite of his art—which might be supposed to have accustomed him to the carving of Nature—he liked his sky whole, not sliced as they serve it in great cities. So he purchased a farm. It was not at all French, but it was on the road—the broad highroad where the market-wagons passed, creaking by on their way to the metropolis, and raising little clouds of white dust which were as welcome to Monsieur Quillier's fat nose, as he trained vines over his farmhouse, and built little trellised arbors for his grapes and a rustic terrace in the rear, arborizing a ravine and commanding vistas of the fallow fields and woods, with the silvery Meander flashing in the sun.

But it was not long before the old friends of Monsieur Quillier began to appear, especially a Sunday morning, to spend the day with him—whole cartloads of folk from the city, who talked, talked, talked and laughed and laughed, and dined spontaneously. And where, then, was the quiet retirement of Monsieur Quillier?  
"Hah!" said he, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I love my friends, but—one might as well set up an inn and be done with it!"

And an inn it was from that time forth, and it was the old dog's life and ways, and bits of a sack, and gray hair, and every day, especially in the warmer weather, carriages from everywhere were tied under the sheds, market-wagons and private carriages, and it was more like home than Monsieur Quillier had ever dreamed of.

Very little time did he have then for the sky, for there was no end to the slicing and broiling in the kitchen, and the jests and laughter under the arbors. And the fame of it spread, growing into a sort of sacredness, until, for miles around, no words had a more delicious smack to them than

"Let us go to Quillier's!"

"Let's!"

They have come to Quillier's!  
Margaret is a most delectable flutter. Monsieur himself, forgetting his rheumatism in the sight of a rose-sprigged gown alighting at his gate, conducts her in the most polite and gallant manner to the prettiest, most secluded arbor of them all, and leaves her there, with her elbows on the table and her hands clasped rapturously, gazing at a world of golden light with the setting sun.

But David, having ordered the dinner, wishes her away to view the wonders of the place. The kitchen, his beating heart, they observe through an open window, lingering as they pass. One of the Quilliers, in white cap and apron, is performing the most marvelous feat—it is not to be seen in any other kitchen in the world—more dexter than a woman's. Slash, slash—a pinch—a dab—and pop goes something into the kettle! Slash again—pop!—so one doesn't know what all—and there is your chicken upon the spit! Nota motum, not an instant wasted!

Margaret is wonder-struck.  
"Margaret is wonder-struck!"  
"He doesn't stop to think!"  
"He doesn't have to," David assures her.

Upon the rustic terrace another young couple is already dining, oblivious of the view, but so enamored of each other that it seems in this Heaven-pleas'd, the most natural thing imaginable for Margaret to slip her hand into David's arm, as they stand there looking down blissfully upon the amber tapers and the flaming coals.

"But it is prettier from the arbor," she declares, so they return to it, to find a little golden picture framed in view.

Their table is already spread, and presently the soup appears, steaming in the evening air, and to Margaret comes all so sweet and strange, that she alone with David in the twilight—"at our own little table," he reminds her, upsetting the salt in imprisoning her hand—that she shivers restlessly.

"Oh, I've heard of this place so often!" she says. "And now to be here! And with you! It's like an elopement almost, isn't it?"  
And David sighs. "We'll make it one, Peggy, if your folks weren't so confounded kind. That's the trouble with parents nowadays. They've killed half the romance in the world."

"Oh, Davy," she protests. "Just when everything is so full of romance, you call this romance?"  
"Of course. Even fish is romantic, eating it with you. But think how it would taste if we knew that somewhere behind us on the road your father was chattering along with your mother—hah!—tearing her hair!"

"Mercy! Father wouldn't do that—or Mother, either!"  
"I know. That's just what I am saying; if they only would, you know."

"How do you like it, really?"  
"Well," he replies, "we could elope then with a clear conscience. As it is, we haven't any very well—logical excuse."

"But if it were an elopement," she argues, "I should be in tears, and you'd be all flustered for fear they'd catch us. She'd shake her head and look at him. It wouldn't be half so nice as this! Not half!"  
It is, at any rate, exceedingly nice, even to David's more dramatic vision. And now, he gives promise of being even more romantic than the fish.

"A whole little chicken!" she exclaims.  
"Yes," he answers. "I thought it would seem more—more as it will be, some day, pet—if we had a whole one!"  
"And you to carve it!" she cries.

His face is eloquent as he takes up the knife and pricks the brown skin with a cautious, experimental air.  
"It seems tender, doesn't it?" she suggests, and he replies with delicate discrimination: "Fairly tender. I've seen better, but—now, let's see, darling, which—which is the best?"

"Oh, I like any part. I adore chicken, don't you? Especially the back."

"But it doesn't matter, dear," she assures him.  
"Suppose," he suggests, "suppose I just cut the whole thing in two, lengthwise? It's a little chicken."  
"That will be splendid," she answers.

"But it is that way that case, you say you get half the back."

"Oh, but that will be plenty," she declares. "But can you tell you that way?" she presses thoughtfully.  
"No, never mind Father!" she protests with a reproachful flourish of the carving-knife. "It isn't that I don't care, but you know that—but we have got to get along without him some day, my love, and we might as well begin right now. Hold on here! Where's the steak?"  
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And go it does—the knife—but: "Heavens! This hasn't been ground since a fortnight! I say, waiter—hah, there!—just get me a knife that will cut, will you?"

The waiter, one of the indeterminate Quilliers, examines the blade in a most respectful manner, but obediently carries it away, and instantly returns with what might appear to be the identical carver—knives have so much in common—though, bless you! David is not the man to be imposed upon.

"Thanks. That's better," he remarks blandly. "By George, I hope this brick the tender, Peggy! It doesn't cut so."

"Perhaps you've struck the bone, dear," she suggests helpfully. "It's a little higher up."

"I did."  
"Well, a little lower down, then."

"No, the bone, too!"  
"Well, just between!"

"It's all gone!" David assures her. "What do they mean by bringing us—where is that fellow, anyhow?"

"No, no, dear!" she protests. "It's good enough, really. And I shouldn't mind if it is a little tough. Try it again—that's a good boy! Is it—the drumstick, dear, that you're after?"

"Sure! Confound the thing, it won't come off!"  
"I'll tell you what, Father always—"

"But there, dear girl, she pauses in the most considerate manner in the world, and hits upon this happy plan: "I'll tell you! Couldn't you just take hold of the end of the drumstick with your hand, holding the chicken tight—with your fork you know—and then just press it through—the drumstick, I mean—until you can see where the joint is?"

"I suppose that is one way of doing it," he concedes doubtfully, as the leg breaks off, most surprisingly, in his fingers. "Humph! There's one of 'em. We're off, Peggy! Pitch in, girl, and don't mind me!"

"It's deliciously tender!" she reports. "Why, it fairly falls to pieces!"

"Hah! Here's the other fellow!" David cries. "I say, Peggy, that was a pretty good remark of yours."

"Oh, that's the way, Father—it isn't original," she confesses.

"By George, though," David remarks with a rueful glance at the waiter, "I'd like to have seen that bird run!"

"Run?"  
"Just look at it! Its joints are in the conventional places you ever heard of! Now, who ever would have supposed—"

"What's that, Davy?"  
"Didn't you hear anything?"

"No."  
"That's funny. I could have sworn that I heard something!"

"What?"  
"Snicker."

"It was the wind, I guess."  
"Very likely." Why, this chicken must have been bowled off by a knock-knock, or I don't know that. Now, you just right on eating, darling, while I get the back out!"

"Oh, never mind the back now, dear," she protests cheerfully. "We shall get to it ultimately, you know. Let's eat the rest first, and have the back more at our leisure. This drumstick's fine!"

She gazes rapturously into his adoring eyes. Little by little, as they eat and drink, the sun goes down, and even the after-pale passes to a starlit glimmer in the west. Then Monsieur Quillier brings out a lantern and sets it in the midst of the repast, and in its glow, faint and mellow as young love—just light enough for two, no more—and with the great, black world looming about them, and nothing to disturb their blissful silences save the chirping of crickets and a now and then laughter and a snatches of gasp floating in out of the darkness—it seems to both of them a delicious little foresta of that life of which they were so sure, and in which they were so young, so far away, so free and unrestrained, when they sealed it like this, alone together in an arbor of delight, secluded from a shadowy world.

"It seems," she sighs, "a thousand miles from home!"  
"And so we shall be, one of these days, little girl! Let the world scoot on! Let it wag its old head at us, Peggy! I'm not afraid of it!"

"No, no! Not murther, so long as I'm with you."

"It is wonderful," he tells her, "what courage, what a sense of power, love gives a man! You can feel it in your heart—your heart's course—but in your brain, in your very arm! I'm not the same fellow that I was last spring. Last spring—oh, I confess, it was just a little, anxious, just a little, nervous. You know, by the world. Life seemed so—so tremendous, do you not know? But now! You've no idea how love opens your eyes! Now we know we can see that life of it, with its limitations! Did you ever think of that, Peggy? There's a lot of bluff about this old world, when you come to it. I was just a little, nervous, just a little, nervous, till a young chap gets scared—scared blue! Then he falls in love! Hah! That scares the bubble—pop!—and he finds himself a man!"

"A Man! I say, Peggy, if a cyclone should come along and carry off your whole family, root and branch—"

"Oh, mercy, David! Don't!"

"Well, you're not even eating, and every living soul you've ever known were to pop off tonight do you suppose I could take care of you? Do you really need any one but me? It sounds egotistical, but it isn't. I'm not puffing

# The Midnight Voice

## A Romance of the Silent Call of a Woman's Heart

By Mrs. Charles Terry Collins, Author of "The Parson's Butterfly," etc.

Drawings by W. B. King



"I Extended My Invitation to the English Girl"

you always have; you must be nice and attentive to them, and before you know it you will be in love with one or another of them."

Gordon admitted himself, after I had done reasoning with him, that his case was both deplorable and alarming, that there was need of drastic measures, and that he would do his best.

I had been the first of my girl friends to marry; so there were plenty of loving, heart-free girls for me to choose from for the subjugation of Gordon. Once, moreover, at a dinner-party that the Major gave for his guests, I did not think of their side of it, in hurling them up against his magnetic personality as I did. I did not seem to realize their side of it in the least at the time.

The first of the friends for whom I sent was Helen Montgomery. Helen lived just around the corner from us at home, and ever since I could remember we had been the closest of friends. She was the stanchest, truest, pluckiest little body—a little woman with big ways; was what somebody said about her.

Gordon kept his part of the arrangement faithfully; he all but lived at the bungalow. Morning, noon and night he was there. He took Helen everywhere that there was to go, did everything for her that there was to do. The other men sat around in a circle, glowering and twirling their thumbs. What was more, it did not seem to be perfunctory with him; he seemed to be enjoying himself heartily. I was most happy and encouraged about it. I told Jerry so, but the expression of Jerry's eye was not thoroughly satisfactory; it approached a squint. Once, moreover, at a dinner-party that the Major gave for Helen I looked up to find Gordon, who was sitting beside her, looking at me with exactly such an expression as Jerry's.

It was about a week after the dinner that a tall, fine, brown, young Englishman presented himself at the bungalow to call upon Helen. He was on his way from his ranch in California to the East. He had every right to call upon her, for she was engaged to him! She had kept it for a delightful surprise for me when he should come. Jerry had known, though, and Gordon. That was why he had enjoyed her visit so thoroughly, with no possible sentimental complications to harass his mind.

I fell upon them both with contempt for their duplicity. What they said was that even my temporary happiness was too dear to them to allow them to disturb it.

It would have been quite good enough for Gordon if I had stopped right where I was and not sent for any more of my friends; he would have been only too glad, though, so it would not have been a very filling revenge. I put my just resentment behind me and sent for the others, one by one, a goodly list.

And Gordon did not fail me once. He squared my dimes to the end. But nothing ever came of it.

As a last resort in each case I would send Gordon and the girl of the moment out to shoot the rapids together. I hoped against hope that the momentary sense of isolation in danger, as the canoe with its Indian paddler went shooting through the water that boiled and sluiced about over the sunken boulders, would crystallize their feelings, but they never seemed to have any to crystallize. Gordon came to recognize this as the last act upon the program with each of the candidates. The only thing approaching protest against what he was going through was once when Constance Perry was my guest—and Constance was, perhaps, the least interesting of them all; he said to me mildly: "Mrs. Jerry, isn't it getting to be almost time to shoot the rapids?"

The last girl whom I had out was Janet Raymond. When she was leaving, Gordon, conscientious to the last, went with me to the train to see her off. He filled her compartment with fruit and flowers and magazines. When the long line of Pullmans had pulled slowly out and the smoke of the engine was rolling black great, black clouds against the crimson of the October sunset he turned to me.

"Mrs. Jerry," he said, "let's call it off. I ain't any use. There's something wrong with me. I can't care for a woman that way. It's all right up to a certain point, but after that I might as well be a hitching-post. Let's say what we can out of the situation," he went on. "I don't hate women yet, but if I have to shoot those rapids again I am afraid I shall. Let's call it off. It is all the battle to know when one is beaten. I did not trouble Gordon any more."

Some of the officers at the fort, among them our best friends, had a mess-table at the inn in the village. After dinner at night two or three of them were certain to stroll down for a chat by our fire of logs. They liked to bid

"T WAS a good trial to Jerry and me, because we were so happy ourselves. I suppose and wanted everybody else to be happy, too, that Gordon did not marry; what was more, that he did not care, as the other men did, for the charming girls who crossed his horizon."

"Don't you want to love somebody, Gordon?" I would say. "Don't you think you would like to?"

"Of course I would like to, Mrs. Jerry," he would reply. "I would give anything in the world to care for somebody as Jerry cares for you. It isn't living to plot along for one's self. A man wants it to be for somebody else."

"But you don't try, Gordon," I said. "Every time a charming girl speaks to you you act exactly as though you were saying, 'Inland me, woman!' and then you turn and run. How can you expect to care for anybody if you do like that? Now, Gordon," I continued, warming to the subject as I went on, "if you will promise to turn over a new leaf I will help you. I will have all the nice girls on from the East that I know, and you must not go into your shell the way

"Bumps" good-night also. Bumps was the name they had given baby. He wasn't really a baby any more, but a fine, sturdy youngster of three. With his broad, stocky little frame, his chubby, weather-seasoned face, his shock of square-cut, blond hair, his blue overalls and his miniature Mackinac jacket, he was—much as it hurts my mother-pride to say it—far more an embryo lumberman than he was a cherub. Jerry liked to have him that way. Men do not want cherubs for sons, I think; they want men.

The reason everybody called him Bumps was because from the time he began to have any sort of self-control he took his bumps so royally. Of course, when he was very tiny, in long clothes and had colic, he howled till the welkin rang. But from about the time that he was "shortened," as old nurses say, nothing could make him cry. Big tears would well up in his eyes and you could see by every muscle in his little frame that he was holding on to himself, but he would not cry. It appealed to Jerry's friends immensely to have the little fellow like that and put him on a footing with them.

It was at bedtime that the most unbiased and original outlook upon his environment was granted to Bumps, and that he seemed most disposed to share his outlook with others. Because this was so the men who came to sit about our fireside would go up in a procession and hold soulful converse with him in his crib. Shouts of laughter would come trundling down the crooked little stairs of the bungalow. Baggy, the nurse, used to protest against these good-night séances until she was well-nigh black in the face; but she had to take it out in protesting—it happened the next night just the same. I did not take her part, perhaps, so valiantly as I might have, for I used to notice a very soft and tender light in their eyes behind the amusement, when they came down. I thought it was good for them to bid the little fellow good-night.

One evening, perhaps a week after Janet Raymond, the last of my guests, had gone, several of the men came after dinner as usual. They were in a great state of excitement over something that had happened that day. An English girl and her father had stopped off from one of the lake steamers and were staying at the inn. The father was the



"Gordon Kept the English Girl Alive by a Roaring, Leaping Fire"





"Will You Let Me See the First Page—Just a Minute!" She Asked, Her Voice Suddenly Serious and Gentle

# The Letter She Didn't Send

By Mary Mullett

Drawings by W. H. D. Koerner

AT FIVE o'clock the short winter day was already fading but the library windows looked toward the west and the final flare of the sunset streamed through them. As the light outside gave way the open fire within seemed to fancy that the struggle had been between them. Plucking up a victor's heart it crackled and sang with satisfaction. An electric bell rang faintly in one of the passages, and a few moments later a maid put aside the hangings and looked in, blinking at the western glow.

"I'm here, Susan," said a girl's voice from the shadows of a deep chair facing the fire.

"Show him in here, Susan."

When the maid had gone the girl did not move from her place, even when Farwell's step reached the door. As he came into the room he, too, stopped, as the maid had, the last rays of the sun full in his eyes. He was a tall, clean-lined fellow, with straight brows, firm mouth, square jaw—the sort of man to whom one would give a life to be saved or a secret to be kept—the sort of man with whom one would trust one's fortune, or one's wife, or one's reputation, when he stood there in the full light of the sunset he looked the rock he was; and the girl, who had been studying him during that half minute's pause, stilled a sigh.

"Here I am, Bailey," she said. "What an uncomplimentary person you are, to be dazzled by a mere sunset when I am alone."

"I didn't see you, de—Dorothy!"

They both smiled.

"It's lucky my name begins that way, isn't it?" said the girl lightly. "It can cover a multitude of d's while we're getting out of old habits. There's no reason, anyway, why you shouldn't say 'dear.' I mean to, 'dear,' old boy."

"I don't think I'm going to say 'dear,'" said Farwell stubbornly.

"Oh!" in painful confusion.

"I think I was going to say 'dearest,' and more stubbornly. The girl got up hastily and administered several totally unnecessary and equally unscientific pokes to the fire. Apparently it resented the nature of the attention, for it suddenly stopped twinkling and settled into a discouraged glumness. The girl perched on the arm of her chair and regarded speculatively, first the dismal fire, then the even more dismal Farwell.

"Bailey," she began with determined cheerfulness. "There's nothing for us to be so glum about. We made a

mistake; tried to let what we were meant to be. We've given that up. Now we're going to be what we were meant to be—the very best in the world. Isn't that so?"

Farwell still stared with gloomy eyes at the fire. After a perceptible pause he nodded dubiously.

"That's right!" said the girl heartily. "But she got up and walked over to the window, and the face which she turned toward Farwell sharpened with a sudden contraction. After a moment she spoke again in the same light, friendly tone.

"Did you bring the letters, Bailey?"

He went out into the hall and brought her a good-sized package which she received with a pretty grimace of dismay.

"You poor dear!" she exclaimed. "Don't tell me I ever wrote all those! No wonder you didn't have time to answer them all."

"Answer them all!" he exclaimed. "As if you didn't know that it was the other way about, and you couldn't keep my gait! Not that I blame you."

"Careful! careful!" she protested, her eyes unnaturally bright, her lips tense with a nervous smile.

Another woman, looking at her, would have wondered just how long the tears could be kept back. But Farwell felt only a sickening sense of hopelessness at the bantering laugh, the general air of gaiety, almost flippancy.

"I know how lamentably energetic my pen was," she went on, "but your way of showing disapproval was a deliverance. I will say that! When I had manderoned in to too hopelessly loush a fashion you just passed it over in silence—could fairly see a postscript at the end of your letter—where the postscript ought to grow, but didn't because you were too polite to let it. She traced imaginary words in the air. "P. S. We will consign your last piece of foolishness to the kindly waste-basket of oblivion."

"Oh!"

"Or, I can't say that I blamed you," with a note of bitterness in her voice. "I had my lucid intervals when I was just as mortified for myself as you were for me."

"Dorothy, stop!"

She interrupted him with a return of the cheerfulness in which she had so persisted.

"That's right," "I'll stop. It's all over and done with, and we're not going to get serious, much less tragic, about it. If there's a prospect of our coming to blows over our respective industry as correspondents we'll have to get a tape-measure and see whose lucid intervals are the longer."

Here's yours." She took a package from the top of the bookshelves near her and held out the two, one in each hand. "We might weigh them," she suggested, balancing them with an air of judicial concern.

"Dorothy—don't!" exclaimed Farwell, his eyes darkening with pain.

"Don't weigh them? I call that generous of you, Bailey. I'm sure you could beat me if it came to weight. In bulk, they seem an inarticulate response from Farwell.

There must be enough manuscript here to make one of those great, fat English novels," she went on nervously. "Don't you think we might collaborate on one?"

Farwell set his lips and crossed back to the window, where she had dropped down on the cushioned seat and was trying to untie one of the bundles of letters. Her slender fingers trembled slightly. Farwell took it from her and unrolled the cord with which it was bound. As he unfolded the wrapping a breath of violets stole out and he set his lips the more grimly. The girl turned away, and, quite unconsciously, laid her hand on the other package.

"That, too?" asked Farwell briefly, and unwrapped it. He looked at the heap of letters with somber eyes, haunted by memories of the days and the nights when he had written those pages; of all he had put into words, and, as

of the long pauses when he had sat staring before him, his mind busy with dreams.

Again the girl laughed a little, though no one, save the one person who did hear her, could have missed the misery behind the make-believe.

"Those who care to look at the remains—" she began. Farwell stooped with a muttered exclamation, and began making into a bundle again the letters she was returning to him.

"I think I'd better take myself off," he said. "Some other time—"

He was so farrely at the cord when suddenly it gave way, and the letters, bursting from their wrapping, scattered over the seat and the floor. The two began picking them up in silence; but finally, in a pathetic attempt to persist with her pretense of gaiety, the girl said:

"Just as soon as I ask you to collaborate you pick up your letters and say you're going home."

Farwell did not answer. He was looking at one of the letters—a thick one, without stamp or postmark. Instead of being addressed, as the others were, to Miss Dorothy Sheldon, his own name was in the envelope.

"What's this?" he asked. He was on one knee, and without moving he held out the letter. Her eyes widened with surprise as she looked at it.

"You ought to have told me that you put it in these old ones of mine," he said. "I should have made a bonfire of the whole lot when I got home and should never have found it."

"I don't know how it came there."

"But it's your writing," he said.

"Yes, but I don't know—"

Farwell tossed the other letters on to the window-seat and tore open the envelope.

"Wait," cried the girl. "Let me see it first."

But Farwell held it to the letter.

"It's addressed—"

"But—when was it written?"

"No date," he said, glancing at the first page, "as usual," he added with the first shadow of a smile. "But it says Lakewood, so it must have been last month."

For a moment the girl stood there without speaking, her eyes seeming to question the delicate sheets which Farwell still held just out of her hand. Then the tense lines of her mouth softened and the unnatural brightness went out of her eyes.

"Will you let me see the first page—just a minute?" she asked, her voice suddenly serious and gentle. Farwell held the letter out to her, but he did not take it—merely glanced at the first line, her face slowly flushing as she did so. Then she looked up at him, her lips half parted, almost as if she were a little breathless with hope or fear, or both.

"May I read it?" said Farwell.

"If you want to."

She went back to the chair before the fire, while Farwell stood and read by the waning light. This is what he read:

"Dorothy:

"There! I've written it at last. It wouldn't be so bad, I think, if one's pen could write in whispers. But there the word stays on the page in front of me, and I look at it with fascinated eyes until I feel the cold flaming in my cheeks. I'm not sure that I shall write it any more. It's not like children; it should be hard, not seen."

Oh, no, I don't mean that! Not when I look at your letters. It's an odd fancy about the law-words in your letters. I like to compare the different writings of the same word. They're never exactly alike; you know, and I pretend to myself that all the little changes and the shadings, and the fact that sometimes you write them large, and sometimes you tuck in a little squeezed-up one at the end of a line—I pretend that all these things are the different ways in which you are saying the words to yourself when you write them. Don't seem like child's play? Don't laugh at me. It makes you seem so real.

I suppose you are real? I don't feel quite sure—except when I look at your letters. One of them came up with breakfast this morning at the ungodly hour of eleven, when I was supposed to be making up sleep—but wasn't! On the contrary, it seems to me that, for the first time in my life, I am really awake. Until last spring the eyes of my heart had been blinking sleepily at things. Then you came and my heart sprang up at last, wide awake. Did you know that at its door and say, 'Six o'clock!' And did you know that what I was saying was, 'I'm frightened?' Oh, please be good to me.

"Not you will want to know what I mean by that, and I don't know how to tell you. It's only that I have always been afraid of



"She Hit Her Face on His Shoulder as if She Were Really a Child"

life. When I knew that I was going to love you—which means, I suppose, that I already did love you—I was terrified. It wasn't you that I was afraid of. It was Love.

"When I was little I was especially afraid of the dark, though I was always full of a great, vague Possibility which made my luck. It was a sort of a dark against, and I was afraid. Then I was going to love you I was like a child face to face with a closed door which may open into darkness and terror, and I was afraid. Then you opened the door—and I'm not sure it didn't lead into a new Heaven and a new earth. It seems like it sometimes. Only—only frightened feeling hasn't all gone yet. That's right; tell me in your good, healthy way that it is only a morbid fancy. I tell myself so;

CONCEALED BY

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# The Little Boy and the Born-Ja-renee Girl

By Adachi Kinnosuké



HE lived alone in the little nursery that nestled high above and beyond the sun-fire hills of Atago Mountain and the red sands, in the greenest embrace of Atago Mountain. Her grandfather had built it, a tiny dwelling when, poet and hermit that he was, and philosopher more than either, he grew tired of men and their ways and wished for a place where he could hear nothing of their heart-rending laughter and sin-stained prayers. Her father also had loved the spot, and as often as his duty at the palace of his overlord would permit he had taken himself with his family to this out-of-the-world hermitage.

So here she had spent the morning of her days; and here, in the evening of life, she still dwelt, a soft-voiced, gentle-mannered lady of gracious presence, tender of heart, and with a great love for children, and, above all, for birds. Indeed, she listened one meal out of three every day that she might feed the hungry little twitterers who often chirped and trilled so loudly over her eaves as to disturb her meditations. The reason why she fed them and loved them so was told in a story known through all the country round about—the story of the Buddhist Nun.

There was a deep chasm several hundred yards above the cottage. It looked like a huge whirlpool where the dark-green waves had broken and the white foam was the same color. Their sides were slippery with moisture which had never seen the sun and hung with mosses which had been growing for centuries. A narrow path from the cottage went a threadlike trail. It skirted closely the circular edge of the chasm and then diverged to join the deer-path beyond.

It was on this trail that the philosophic grandfather of the nun used to roam, and it was he who named it the "Dragon Path"; and of a time a faintly a more experienced dragon could walk upon it.

As a matter of history, however, in the joyous days before ever the nun had thought of separating from the beautiful world she loved, there was a lady who walked the "Dragon Path" often as any snake, and with much more confidence. Her name was Sanroku, a hundred-footed one. He was the son of a hunter whose hut nestled deeper in the green solitudes of Atago Mountain, and he supplied the household with venison and brought the latest news of the swift-hooved wanderings of deer and wild boars to delight the weary hours of his father.

Merry and laughing, he would come with the kisses and cuffs of sun and storm and filled with the love of woodcraft, this lad was never tired of telling thrilling tales of adventures. He was, in fact, one of the gallant young knights of the Japanese mountains who have always remained and will ever remain—so help the gods!—as a bit of the savage Middle Ages. He was exceedingly handsome—one of those surprises that are hidden in the mountain depths of that land and make one speculate on the origin of its many fairy-tales, old as the pines and entrancing as the life.

When, in his story-telling, carried away by the enthusiasm of his tales and forgetting himself completely, he took his long black hair, which he combed down, full of sparks, his gestures wild, he made one think of a spirited steed in the heat of a race. Often he had among his auditors the stender, graceful daughter of the philosophic *sumurai* in her suave-hued kimono.

One bright, winter morning, after a heavy snowfall such as is common on Atago Mountain—a storm which is the dread of the deer and the delight of the hunters, and which gives lovers of the beautiful a miracle that is dazzling, a miracle full of the wonders of light imprisoned and light repulsed, full of gems that are neither in the mountain nor in the snow, but in the name to which she answered, this nun, in the days of her spring) was tripping up the wood-path and looking about at the scene.

She had a vague impression that she had seen a shadow shoot across the narrow, glittering space between the pine trees ahead of her. She looked back and there she saw a lad come out from under the snow-laden boughs of the giant evergreens thirty yards ahead of her, along the "Dragon Path," laughing and shouting with merriment and excitement. It was the hunter's son.

"Why, San—Sanroku!" she exclaimed. Amazement had the best of her. "It is this snow and on that path! Oh, Sanroku!"

But Sanroku was even more surprised than the little lady. To be addressed in such a manner by the daughter of a *sumurai*!—naturally one in Sanroku's position would never dream of such a thing.

"Yes, august lady," said simply, looking at his eyes. Kurenai walked back to the cottage and went to her room. She wished to hide her shame. She was mortified that she, the daughter of a *sumurai*, should have been so grossly humiliated by a trifling cause. She felt her cheeks burning. She explained to herself that her blushes were the blushes of humiliation on a girl who had been so grossly humiliated.

But as time went on she began to have a little misgiving about this explanation; and one day, when she was sixteen and the lad eighteen, she again found herself, as usual, explaining her blushes to the daughter of the *sumurai* to whom she said that to him? I am blushing now. Of course, it's because I feel ashamed of my blushing now!" But somehow she could not help blushing at this, her own explanation of her blushes. And for the second blush she could find no explanation at all.

"It's because I'm blushing!" "So womanlike already at sixteen!"

But the hunter-lad was wiser—or perhaps it should be said, a little more frank with himself. Well did he understand why it was that he chafed more at her blushes rather than the wild boy and the bear. Well he knew why it pleased him to treasure up and recount all the incidents of his perilous adventures at the cottage door of the *sumurai* hermit. He dared not breathe a word of his hopeless love; but nothing could prevent him from offering his heart on the altar of his secret devotion.

And the orchids, year after year, bloomed on the wave-green rocks of the abyss and the velvet cushions of the mosses, and gave to the air a saintly fragrance that no one would ever be likely to inhale, and faded and disappeared far down in the twilight of the chasm's depth. And the nightingales, year after year, twittered and trilled and scattered their exquisite songs abroad for the mountain echoes to repeat, as if the singers were trying their best to teach the language of love to tongue-tied lovers. But, year after year, the silence of Kurenai and Sanroku remained unbroken.

And then, one day—for accidents will happen, do you may to prevent them—as Kurenai stepped out on the veranda of the cottage, there was Sanroku standing on the turf below, in the place where he was least expected. He was soliloquizing in low tones; and the lady caught a word or two intended solely for the ear of the gods. The next instant, as in a dream, she absent-mindedly dropped a flower that she chanced to have in her hand. It happened to fall down the gutter in the gutter. She looked up with a sudden, startled stare and saw, above the railing of the veranda, the glorious, peony-fleur face of the daughter of the *sumurai* in crimson and gold; and as she gazed down at him she saw his sun-kissed face pale and then become covered with a deep, red tinge. He turned away, his eyes cast down, and in that exchange of glances their love stood confessed.

From that moment unrest took possession of her. It blanchied her face to the color of the sunless flower; it turned her into a museum of broken dreams; it made her mother full of voiceless interrogations.

To own her love for the hunter-lad, to marry him, meant not only the loss of the mountain and the cottage, but a partible, but more than that—which she did care for and shrink from—the eternal disgrace of her parents. "They should have been kinder," now she thought, "and not been so open-eyed of inflicting so much pain and humiliation on her parents just for her own selfish pleasure." It further meant that her father and mother, as well as her mother, would be disgraced from the society and enjoyed, because their eyes would have to drop before those of their friends and they would not be able to hold their heads erect. To the great sorrow of the hunter-lad, the point of honor is worse than death; and among the blackest sins in the code of Oriental ethics no sin is quite so great as that of one's greatest filial piety and of all unbridled acts the smirching of the proud escutcheon of a haughty *sumurai* house by the misalliance of one of its daughters to a lowly hunter's son.

So the struggle between love and filial duty went on, and it is not difficult to comprehend the pain that tortured the heart of the daughter of the *sumurai*, the pallor of her sweet flower-face, and her deathly nausea of mind that turned the stars into ashes and the moon into a huge, brown block of tears.

As for the hunter-lad, he was of the mountain-air, free as the limpid rills that danced over the rocks and down the declivities, careless without their course led.

He still came often to the cottage; although from the day of their love's revelation he had not caught even a glimpse of her. But it was enough for him to see the cottage in which she lived and to breathe the air that greeted him every time he came to the mountain or formed her speech, her laughter and her sighs.

As for her, whenever he came she knew that he was in the cottage, and she would creep up to the window and not to seek him out. But she struggled against her inclination with a passionate resolve never to disgrace her father and mother by the thoughtless words of the hunter; meanwhile she became paler, more ethereal, more like a sad mountain spirit than ever.

One of the glories of the cottage was a beautiful vine that had crept over the rocks and down the declivities, careless without their course led. He still came often to the cottage; although from the day of their love's revelation he had not caught even a glimpse of her. But it was enough for him to see the cottage in which she lived and to breathe the air that greeted him every time he came to the mountain or formed her speech, her laughter and her sighs.

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One morning she found a pine twig in the coils of one of the tendrils. Unperceived by the sight at first, she began to wonder whether it was reported to any of the other wind bring the twigs and leave them so charmingly

pendent from the vine? And that, too, almost at the same pace?

Midsummer came. One night, when the moon was high and clear, the cool and quiet of the mountain tempted her on to the veranda. She stepped out from her room and then stood still. In the shadow near the vine she saw a dark shadow. "What is that?"

"Ah, yes!" she sighed to herself as it turned away. For now she knew who the bringer of the pine twigs was; the pine twigs—those that were the emblem of a constancy as changeless as the evergreen of the pine itself even under its chilling weight of snow.

The summertime was waning. The long mountain twilights still remembered the sun and lingered above the fogs that every evening filled the valley. At this sad hour of another fading day Kurenai was looking out with her mind far from the scene below her. For several days she had found no pine twigs. What could it mean?

A step sounded on the veranda and her father entered. In as careless a tone as she could assume she said:

"What is that sound? It is the noise of the hunt! By-the-by, what became of that hunter-lad? The humble one has not seen him for many a day."

"No," said her father after a pause, in his heavy, dignified voice. "He has not been here for a long time. I understand his father sent him away somewhere some time ago."

Kurenai was thankful for the concealing twilight. She looked like one who had suddenly received a mortal blow. It was not her father's words, but his tone, that told her the whole truth. She had been deceived. She had thought that he himself had inspired and arranged for Sanroku's departure.

The earthy days and nights still dawned and darkened over Kurenai's dream—some times thick with the mist of the morning on which she had hitherto stood but suddenly turned into a bed of quicksands. Sometimes she would see a shadow of a man which she should keep on struggling when the end was sure to be her defeat. But the *sumurai* blood was the quality of the sun that refused to be. But her destiny still led her along herself dizzy and reeling and almost ripe for the responsibility of that messenger of mercy called insanity to take her into the refuge of the madhouse. The intensity of her struggle might have touched Death and persuaded him to come to her. She would have preferred that. But her destiny still led her along the sublime heights of self-renunciation and through the dark valleys of self-sorrow, ever moist with tears.

The vision of revenge and the bright glory of a new leaves drew her on. Under the nighty canopy of the forest the persimmons grew more golden and mellows of color, and the long, bright-brown shades of the mellowed *Yosai* leaves leading into the world of memory. Kurenai, no longer able to shut Sanroku's image out of her heart, yielded herself, with floodlike abandon, to the melancholy pleasure of living over again the days of the past.

It was after one of those starless autumn nights, which seem full of the sound of dead leaves and the passing of departed spirits, that Kurenai stepped out on the veranda as the sun rose. She crossed over to the railing and then stopped and started.

There was a tendril of the vine, as in the dear, happy days she had been dreaming of, was a pine twig! She caught it to her cheek, and then she shuddered. What on such a dark, threatening night, and on that threadlike, treacherous trail!

Restless and disturbed, she strolled away from the cottage up the "Dragon Path." Soon she saw the edge of the chasm. The sun fell through a sieve of tinted leaves into the mossy depth, so that the bright patches of light seemed like feathers of tropical hue, frolicking with the winds and weaving themselves into ever-varying patterns for the dresses of the mountain fairies.

In a few steps more she reached the point that overlooked the bottom of the deep abyss. She wished to watch, as she had often done before, the effect of the shifting and shifting of the light on the sandstone of the sandy bottom far below. She looked down. As she had expected, the light was falling deep into the abyss.

But there were other things to be seen. She had noticed before. She looked more intently, frowning a little and slightly narrowing her eyes. A second, and all was plain as day. She saw a man, a man, a man.

It was the body of a man. As she realized this all her blood rushed up and made a springing in her heart.

Evidently the man had fallen into the chasm from the "Dragon Path." He seemed to be lying perfectly still. Facing him and somewhat higher than his head some birds were perched on the old stumps of some orchid singing to him. He seemed to be listening to them who were, and as silent and motionless as the rocks about him.

Suddenly he moved a little and she saw that both his arms were broken and his head was escaped her. The man evidently heard it, for he looked toward her. And just then a pencil of light flashed downward through a cleft in the chasm, and light shone on the upturned face—the face of the hunter-lad.

When consciousness returned to Kurenai she was in her own room and her mother was bending over her. No reference was made to her head or escaped her. She was asked to bed. Her parents, wisely acquiesced in her wish to separate herself from the world and live by herself in the cottage.

So her mother and father every day were spent in the shadow of the vine with its curling tendrils and the pines with their evergreen twigs, and in the companionship of the birds whose songs were the only music that they heard, yet the hours of her beloved hunter-lad.

# The Personal Conduct of Belinda

By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd

Author of "Concerning Belinda," "The Misdemeanors of Nancy," etc.

Drawings by B. Martin Justice



"Miss Perkins Turned a Triumph Face Toward Miss Carewe"

for which awaited him on deck could not dampen his buoyant mood. Miss Carewe noticed with surprise and some annoyance that her cool politeness seemed ineffectual as opposed to the irrepressible good spirits of the Odious Creature. He tucked her into a chair as gracefully as if he expected her to be grateful, and then chatted with her as briskly as if he were sure she would consider conversation with him a privilege. He petted his Aunt Florida, jollied Mr. Perkins, chummed with Mrs. Bagby, patronized the two girls, was even pleasantly civil to Count de Brisasse; but first, last and always he ignored the possibility of any ice barrier between himself and the young woman to whose party he belonged. In vain she tried to put the Presuming Creature in his proper place. He smiled amiably and took the place he fancied.

Belinda, puzzled and a trifle dismayed, searched vainly for a clew to this right-about-face. Only Mrs. Bagby, looking on with a non-committal smile, understood and inwardly applauded. "That's more like it," she said to herself with quiet satisfaction and a touch of honest pride. For it was Mrs. Bagby who had worked the transformation, although the thing was done with a casual air and no definite word of advice was spoken.

Late the night before Jack Courtney, taking a last stroll on deck, had come upon Mrs. Bagby dozing in her chair and sat down beside her. For a while the two were silent. Then some question about the itinerary of their tour started a desultory conversation.

"I told Miss Carewe she'd have to fix it so I could see Waterloo," Mrs. Bagby said delectively. "I wouldn't miss that for a good deal. It always makes me feel that we can't

do it. Of course I ain't English, but American's the next thing to it—same fighting blood, I reckon, and if that fire-eating Frenchman had messed England up the way he did all the rest of Europe I wouldn't feel half as satisfied with my family tree as I do."

"Good deal of a fluke, that victory," Courtney was in a cynical mood.

"The old lady shook her head and sat up straight in her chair.

"Don't you believe it, son."

"The Zeebush has made a collection of flukes of that kind. Wimming's got to be a habit."

"They did give in to us once or twice, but that was all in the family, so it didn't count, and an Englishman or an American who'll let

a Frenchman beat him at war or anything else is just going square back on his forebears."

"It ain't that I don't like the French," Courtney said.

"They're made for a lot of grand history, but I've got it in my creed that if an

American can't believe in himself he can sprinkle Waterloos all over the map. He'd do it by sitting in a corner and sulking, though."

"There was a short silence. In the clear glow from one of the deck-lights Courtney's face looked very handsome, very boyish, and the old lady smiled with a quick following sigh for the son the Fates had not given her.

"At last, 'You put your money on the Anglo-Saxon then?' the young man asked in a quiet voice, through which a new note tingled.

"She leaned forward and laid a hand on his arm at her homely face was aglow. 'Boy, there's nobody like him. Sometimes he's foolish, some times he's bold; but he goes after what he wants and he gets it. He does it with a joke and a grin and a steady nerve, too. You don't catch him making theatricals of it.'

"The Courtney sat up suddenly, cast a hasty glance along the deserted deck, and kissed Mrs. Bagby's wrinkled cheek. "There!" he said gaily. "The first gun has been fired in a campaign of audacity."

"They'll be talking scandal about us," laughed the old lady, but there was approval in the pat she bestowed upon the young man's coat sleeve. Her heart was big and she had little to fill it.

"Remembering this interview Mrs. Bagby read Courtney's new phase aghast. His fighting blood was up. He was going after what he wanted and he confidently expected to get it.

"If the French nobility stood in the way so much the worse for the French nobility. It's one representation of the French nobility directly concerned in the affair recognized a new element in the situation. Courtney's genial, slightly patronizing air toward him was more objectionable than the earlier rudeness. It could not be resented and it gave him no opportunity for an exhibition of superior manners. Moreover, since this pestilential young American had come out of his shell opportunities for gracious civilities toward members of Miss Carewe's party were suddenly lacking. Mr. Courtney seemed to fill the stage, met every need, made himself indispensable; and did it all with a blithe self-assurance, an air of established intimacy, which relegated the Count to the rôle of rank outsider. He had become conversational, too, this surprising Monsieur Courtney, who had not heretofore had a word to throw to a dog. It appeared that

ON THE night before the voyage ended, the day of the dance, any one interested in Jack Courtney might have noticed a sudden change in the "personally-conducted" young man. Every trace of the sulks which for days had clouded his customary cheerfulness was gone. He showed a shining morning face at the breakfast-table, and even the hot, white blanket of

these Americans could talk of other things than money-making when they gave their mind to it, and this one talked amazingly well, in an inconspicuous fashion, telling tales of ranch life in Arizona, of hunting with the outlaws of Jack's Hole, of prospecting in Mexico, of cruising in South American seas.

Belinda, ostensibly buried in her novel, found herself forgetting to turn the pages, forgetting, too, that this was the objectionable person whom she detested and with whom she would not upon any terms establish friendly relations; but she reminded herself of these facts whenever a break in Courtney's narrative gave her a chance to think of other things, and she gave no outward sign of interest in anything beyond her book.

The fog drifted away before the increasing breeze, clinging in shreds to mast and cordage, hovering phantasmic over the crests of the waves, playing strange tricks with the straggling rays of sunshine. Count de Brisasse, tired of a scene in which another man held the limelight, wandered away. Amelia and Laura may triumphantly carried Courtney, Mrs. Bagby and Mr. Perkins off to play shuffleboard, Mr. Perkins feebly protesting, but finding a certain awful joy in his own hardihood. Miss Perkins had gone to her stateroom after breakfast.

Belinda, quite alone with Belinda, turned a happy face toward the girl. "Jack is just himself again today," she said with an air of relief. "Now you will see him at his best. Have you noticed the change, my dear? I've been worried about him, but he's evidently all right now. He's very entertaining, isn't he?"

And out of consideration for the dotting aunt Belinda did violence to her prejudices and admitted that he was entertaining. To her own surprise she found herself distinctly piqued at the very obvious restoration of Courtney's good spirits. That a man under the ban of her displeasure should unconcernedly radiate cheerfulness was disconcerting, if not downright insulting. It upset tradition and destroyed her confidence in well-established laws of cause and effect. Men were not expected to smile when she frowned, and an

attack of smiles was so sudden. There had been gloom enough only twenty-four hours before.

Perhaps, after all, that gloom had had nothing to do with her coolness. Perhaps she had been so

been some other cause for it, and that cause had been suddenly removed.

Belinda blushed.

It was mortifying to think that her efforts toward refrigeration might all have been unnoticed, utterly futile; and yet it would be still more mortifying to think that the man had appreciated the efforts and was not, in the least affected by them. Curiosity seethed within her. Did he care? Didn't he care? Had he joined the party because she was conducting it, or because his aunt belonged in it?

Even when all the questions were answered, and however they were answered, he would still be abominable. That was understood. But, in the mean time, she hated riddles. She wanted to know just where he stood, this intrusive person.

"Sounds of hilarity floated back from the forward deck where the game of shuffleboard was in progress, and after a vain effort to enjoy her book Belinda left her chair and stroiled forward.

"You should just watch Mr. Perkins."

Amelia called out to her as she came within halting distance.

"He's a perfect wizard at shuffleboard. He's beating all of us."

Mr. Perkins, his overcoat thrown aside, his cuffs tucked up, his bald head shining, proceeded to demonstrate, and as his disk settled repositely on a high number, mopped his brow and turned a triumphant face toward Miss Carewe. "Just a trick, a mere trick," he protested modestly. "It seems to come quite naturally to me. I've never realized before that I had an aptitude for athletics.

"Belinda interrupted briskly. "There, it's your turn again, Mrs. Courtney out." He hid it, and looked to the gallery for applause.

"Splendid!" cooed Belinda.

"Bully shot," said Courtney.

"Didn't I say he was a 'wiz'?" chorled Amelia.

Miss Perkins, arriving upon the scene from her stateroom, stared at her brother in amazement and dismay. "Martin! What in the world? And without your coat! And all in a perspiration! Think of your heart, Brother. Do think of your poor heart."

"There's your capsule; but you'll need something more now. I don't know what to give you. You'd better go right to your stateroom and lie down for a while. Maybe some aromatic spirits of ammonia would—"

But Mr. Perkins interrupted her impatiently. "I'm feeling very well, Maria, very well indeed. Mrs. Bagby assures me that profuse perspiration is an excellent thing for the system. I'll just skip that capsule, Maria. I'm disappointed in those capsules, anyway. It's your shot, Mrs. Bagby."

"Poor Miss Perkins, dazed and distressed, sank into a steamer-chair. "I don't wish to say anything harsh," she murmured mournfully to Belinda, "but that woman is leading Martin into sheer folly. He seems perfectly bewitched and he's getting more reckless



"Mrs. Courtney Bided the Leader of the Orchestra"



"Belinda Gave Herself Up to the Joy of Moonlight and Melody and Rhythmic Movement"

"I've been too frail to go into that sort of thing, but perhaps—"

"Best thing in the world for your liver," Mrs. Bagby interrupted briskly. "There, it's your turn again, Mrs. Courtney out." He hid it, and looked to the gallery for applause.

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"HAVE half a mind not to stir one step," said Mistress Peggy Fairfax, standing on the marble steps of the Octagon House and posing the toe of her little slipper daintily under-shelter of her gray petticoat. "The wind is east and the air moist; even the river looks gray in the distance. If it were not that Patty is so poorly I would not venture." And again she cast a half-perplexed, half-plaintive gaze across the marsh and meadowland which then formed Pennsylvania Avenue, in the year of our Lord 1814, when the Capital City was in its infancy.

"Peggy! Peggy!" called a somewhat impatient voice from an upper window, "pray hasten, for Aunt is in a quibble of flutter, and Patty must needs have the powders."

"I am just starting," answered Peggy with a rebellious pout, "and do you, Anne, please see that my lutestringing mauls be in good order for our drive this afternoon, as Mrs. Madison desired we should attend her at three o'clock."

"Never fear," replied Anne Carter, and Peggy was off.

The Octagon House (the house in which President Madison signed the Treaty of Paris) stood on the corner of what is now New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street; but in the early days of the century all about it was open ground except where the White House stood. The latter's plain, square structure, and grounds gullies of trees, formed the sole break in the stretch of Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol itself. About halfway down the avenue, on the corner of Ninth Street, stood a small wooden house where a thrifty chemist dispensed drugs, and it was to this point that Peggy Fairfax was bound on that foggy, moist, August day.

It must be confessed that the willful little maid was not the best of company for her skirt deftly and tripped along the roadway which served as a sidewalk, with here and there a pine board to bridge the mud-strewn places. Togetherness with Anne Carter she had come up to Washington from Sabine Hall, on the Rappahannock, the family seat of the Carters, to spend several months and enjoy the gay life of the Octagon House, where Colonel John Tayloe (her guardian since the death of her father) entertained with almost royal staidness. It was Peggy's first experience of the world outside of Virginia, and her piquant ways and lovely face had already made her a great favorite in the city.

More than two months of their visit had slipped away already, and now the rumors of war, actual grim war, had become reality, and each day some fresh tidings made her less uneasy, and he was seriously considering the propriety of sending the girls home to Virginia lest the city should suddenly be invested by the British forces. Mrs. Madison, gay and courageous as ever, still presided over the White House, but the President's face was full of lines made by growing anxiety, and Colonel Tayloe, who commanded some of the District troops, was in his confidence. Peggy's grown deeper as the plank became more muddy; there were puddles in puddles from yesterday's shower, and the paths to bridge them were sadly lacking. At the foot of Tenth Street a deep pool had to be crossed, and as Peggy gathered her skirts in her hand and endeavored to spring over it, one little foot landed on the ground beyond while its mate went plump into the mire. Peggy recovered her balance with a gasp of disgust as she realized that the sole of her slipper had given way, and lo! in the midst of the dirty pool floated the provoking, high-heeled shoe quite beyond her reach.

"Miss Peggy, I hope I see you well this morning!" said a voice behind her, with a decided accent which betrayed its owner's nationality. "Pray permit me to rescue your property," and the handsome young Frenchman walked deliberately into the mud and picked up her little gray shoe; then, wiping it with his handkerchief, he presented it to the blushing girl, who stood biting her lip, divided between laughter and vexation. "What an I do to do with it now, Madam?" "Nay, Monsieur de Valdemont, I protest!"—for the Frenchman sank on one knee as if to replace the recalcitrant shoe on the small foot—"you will spoil your clothes beyond repair—oh! what folly; rise, I do entreat you; there is a carriage waiting down the road!"

"Then slip on the shoe," said the offender quietly, and before Peggy could utter another remonstrance it was secure upon her foot, and de Valdemont, bowing low at her side, begged permission to accompany her wherever she might be going.

"It is only just beyond, to the chemist's," returned Peggy, whose blushes had now reached a climax of rose red, to her infinite chagrin. "I—that is—Patty—oh, Monsieur de Valdemont, you have almost ruined your fine silk stockings!"

"They are honored in so fair a cause!" answered Victor de Valdemont, with an ardent glance that gave added point to his words. But here Peggy gave way to laughter, and "My muddy shoe is a mate for them; truly we shall be an untidy pair as we walk home."

By this time they had reached the chemist's, and, entering, Peggy produced the form for the necessary purchase. When the powders were ready Peggy opened her reticule, at the bottom of which she suddenly found a coin for them, when suddenly there rose in front of her a distant roar and rumble, and then, far in an easterly direction, the sound of cannon. Peggy seized her bag and flew to the door.

"Oh, Monsieur de Valdemont! it is—can it be the British?" and Peggy's cheeks paled and her eyes flashed as she gazed eagerly toward the Capitol.

"I have but just seen Mrs. Madison at the White House," said de Valdemont. "The President left her yesterday to join General Winder, and a courier has come from him to say that the British masses, under Admiral Cochrane, have landed and are marching directly upon Washington."

"Then must I fly back at once to the Octagon House; Colonel Tayloe is with the militia out on Bladensburg Road, and we are alone save for the servants."

"I came to seek you," said de Valdemont briefly, as he questioned his pace to keep abreast of her hurrying figure. "Mrs. Madison has come to carry word to Madame Tayloe, and from her I found where you had gone, and followed you."

"Followed me, indeed?" replied Peggy, with a toss of her dainty head; "and who, may I ask, gave you leave to do so?"



## Charming Peggy

By Jeanie Gould Lincoln

Author of "An Unwilling Maid," "A Pretty Tory," etc.

Drawings by Harry B. Lachman and Clyde O. DeLand

"Ah, Peggy, and Monsieur de Valdemont, welcome, though you are come to a distracted hour." Stay the courier, John, until I can send you word from the President."

"Reserve your sword for Mrs. Madison, Monsieur; what an I in this moment of peril?" and Peggy gave up the steps of the White House, in the door of which stood French John Stouss, a French porter, just receiving the dispatch from the courier.

"Enter, Madam," he said; "Madame, the President's wife is at a luncheon."

As Peggy and de Valdemont entered the corridor a small, dainty figure with pretty mobile features hurried from the dining-room to meet them. It was Mrs. Madison, who in great agitation seized and tore open the strap of her work bag, and handed her its contents in an instant; her face grew pale, her lips trembled, and then she drew herself up bravely, ready to meet any emergency that the spirit and daring for which she was justly famous.

"Mr. de Peyster and Madame Taylor both protested that they could not leave her; but Mrs. Madison insisted, saying that their families must be made ready for flight."

"I will keep Peggy here for a while," she said, with her charming smile; "and you, Monsieur de Valdemont, shall assist French John with the packing of some State papers. I will await Mr. Madison here, but should danger arise I will send Peggy to you, Madame Taylor, under safe escort."

"State papers!" cried Mr. King, who then occupied an important post in the state Department, "the Declaration—Madame, you cannot depart without it. I will fetch it at once from the Department; that, of all else, must not fall into the hands of the British."

"Peggy," said Madame Taylor, "have you the prescription for Patty? Give me, as I must go instantly back to find if there be a message for me from Colonel Taylor. Stop here with Mrs. Madison as long as she has need of you, and, accompanied by Mr. King, Mrs. Taylor hurried out of the door, as Peggy proceeded to bestow a pile of papers which Mrs. Madison took from her desk into a small portmanteau. De Valdemont and Mrs. Madison were busily engaged in fetching other papers from the library, and while this occupied another courier arrived for Mrs. Madison.

"Peggy, *mon cœur*"—the low voice was close at her ear—"we cannot tell what this day may bring forth. You will, perhaps, fly with Mrs. Madison, but I must remain; no de Valdemont ever abandoned his post before the enemy. Give me some token of your regard—some tiny thing to place in my breast which, if I live, I will bring to you in some more fortunate day, or, if I die, will be found on the heart that beats for you alone."

Every vestige of color left Peggy's face. What was this anguish which seemed as if it would rend her asunder? The room whirled before her eyes, but quickly she drew from her reticule the scrap of muslin and lace which served her as handkerchief, and de Valdemont seized it. There was time for but one rapturous "*mon cœur*," one fond kiss of the little hand, and Mrs. Madison's voice was heard demanding their assistance to detach the portrait of General Washington from the wall; she would not leave the White House without it, although it had to be cut from the frame.

After that, all was haste and excitement. One wagon was packed and started, and Mrs. Madison's carriage stood ready at the door when the President entered with Mr. de Peyster and Mr. Barker, and throwing herself for a moment into the arms of the

wife implored him to fly with her. Just as they were entering the carriage Mr. King hurried up to what the Declaration of Independence in his hand and delivered it to Mrs. Madison. Up from Pennsylvania Avenue came the roar of the fleeing multitude. The street was full of men, women and children flying for their lives, in a panic that increased every moment, as, coming over Capital Hill, the advance pickets of the British were discerned in the distance. Tearing a scrap of paper from his notebook the President wrote a few lines on it.

"This must go to the Secretary of the Navy," he said; "to whom shall I intrust it?"

"To me," cried de Valdemont, pressing forward. A fresh horse stood saddled at the door, and in another second Peggy saw her lover ride swiftly down Fifteenth Street, turning in his saddle to wave her adieu.

"You come with us," said Mrs. Madison. "We will drop you at the Octagon House as the advance pickets of the British were discerned in the distance. Tearing a scrap of paper from his notebook the President wrote a few lines on it."

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But as it turned out, it would have been better for Peggy to make her way home even alone, for the horses attached to the carriage, after having

# Character and Science

By Clara Louise Burnham, Author of "Jewel," "Young Maids and Old," etc.

"I SHOULD'N'T wonder," said Miss Sophie, "if John Dunbar would school his son." She looked over her shoulder rather timidly at her sister Maria, who with very much such a tilting motion of the head as her canary was giving at the present moment, while she sat on the floor cleaning his cage. The canary was really afraid

of "Miss Sophie stared at her" of Maria; he had had years of proof of her kindness. Miss Sophie wasn't really afraid of Alice Maria; she knew that her sister would do anything for her good. But both the canary and Miss Sophie were easily startled by brusqueness.

"Humph!" said Maria, who was busy with the family mendings. "Don't put ideas into Alice's head!" "Wouldn't it please you, Sister?" asked Sophie gently. "If it wouldn't, I shouldn't have been likely to let Alice philander with him for the last year."

"True, Maria." Alice spoke again. "John is a good young man, and his being a lawyer is pleasant; don't you think so?"

"Well, I'd rather he'd be the lawyer than the butcher." "I should think he would love Alice," mused Sophie aloud. "She's been such a true, loyal friend to him. If this town had 'a been the lively manufacturing place it was now when we were girls, Maria, we'd a had a pair of our own now, mebbe?"

"Sophronia Wilcox! How you talk!"

Miss Sophie jumped, and in consequence so did the canary. "I don't know as you're wickid calculation," she said defensively. "At any rate, I'm glad Alice has seen men enough around to take John because her John and not just cause he's somebody to marry. I hope—wistfully—I do hope, Maria, you won't set yourself against her wearin' whew."

Miss Maria's shoulders suddenly heaved with an inarticulate sound that was almost a laugh. "If you ain't the most romantic critter! I see you'd like to spend money for a white silk dress trimmed up in white lace for Alice to wear one and never again in her mortal life!" "Yes, I would, Maria," Sophie's eyes glistened. "That one hour just to talk to her, to see her in a clinging and all pure and spotless white—I don't know; it may be some silly, but it'd seem to me so much to me. I could go to look at her, and I could see her in all her troubles, care, and I could see where I had the fitness in my own life get rough and the softness hard and the whiteness spotted. I'd like to see her, so some-silly," she added, "but it seems just as if I could see."

Maria lifted her eyes from the stocking she was darning and regarded Sophie for a moment. "You're doin' such queer notions comin' into my head as you do," she returned. "I should take tansy; boil it down good."

"Don't say she ain't wear white, Maria!" Sophie exclaimed appealingly.

"For pity's sake, wait till John asks her!" responded Maria. "I'm out of all patience with you, Sophie Wilcox! S'posin' anybody heard you! Haven't you seen that summer boarder over to Potters' settin' her cap at John? He's an ambitious fellow, and he'd like to see a kiss from a woman like she was his sister. It'd be just like human nature for him just to turn around and take that girl and forget all about Alice in a week."

The canary sprang to the roof of his cage and tried to run the bird between its wires, seeking escape, for his mistress had let go the door, and it closed with a snap.

"Maria!" said Miss Sophie, in sore grief. "Yes, indeed. Come now! Hang up your bird 'fore he kills himself, and come and take hold here. There's enough notions in this life to keep reasonable folks busy without settin' on the floor lookin' at visions."

Miss Sophronia moved toward the door, and long time the two sisters sat, their gray heads bent to their work, and the thoughts within the two heads more similar than Miss Wilcox, the elder, would have owned.

Fifteen minutes passed before Miss Sophie, looking out at the window, broke the silence. "There comes Alice now," she said, with some agitation, "and John ain't with her. I know he went out in his boat, 'cause she told me so. I should think he'd wanted to get her home even if it's daylight."

"He would have come," returned Maria with grim significance. "Alice's face, when a little later she entered the room, confirmed her aunt's vague discomfiture. Miss Maria glanced up at her and drew down her eyes. Sophie's loving eyes clung to the young face in mute questioning.

The girl said some words of greeting and passed on upstairs. Miss Sophie dropped the darning cotton, then the scissors, and moved uneasily. When she had upset the footstool her sister's patience gave way.

"For the land's sake, Sophronia Wilcox, if you want to follow Alice—go!"

"I don't you—don't you think, Maria, it'd be just as well if I were a fox?" "I ain't keenin' you," responded Maria; and Sophie, understanding by this that her errand was approved, rose with alacrity and sought the bed-room door.

She found the girl sitting at the window, her hands crossed and her thoughts absorbed in a day-dream.

As her aunt entered Alice turned toward her and spoke with the most unexpected bluntness. "Did you ever think of my marrying John Dunbar?"

"Why—no," Miss Sophie replied, with spectacles with a guilty air. "Why, yes; I've thought of it, Alice."

"I never did," remarked the girl briefly. Her manner was the direct and uncompromising one of her Aunt Maria, while her face was gentle as Sophie's own. "The school where he taught has earned the strength of will under the mild exterior. 'I think I understand it,' she went on after a moment, during which her aunt stood clasping and unclasping her hands expectantly. "John and I have been comrades so long and so entirely in an intellectual way, that I have the habit of putting my mind against his, and my heart never entered it at all."

"That's a real good foundation for—for love, I should think," suggested Miss Sophie timidly.

"No," Alice shook her head decidedly. "It's just an entirely different feeling. One couldn't turn into the other any more than chalk could turn into cream."

"Has he asked you?" Miss Sophie's voice trembled.

"Yes."

"And you've told him all this—about our chalk and cheese?" Miss Sophie's voice rose.

"Hush, Auntie! Of course I had to tell him the truth."

"Oh, poor boy!"

Alice suddenly pressed her hand to her eyes, and something rose in her throat. Then she looked again at her aunt. "He is going away to Boston," she said.

"We're agoin' to lose John!" groaned Miss Sophie, tears in her voice. "What a chance you've put out of your life, child!" she continued after a pause. "Look at dear Aunt Maria and me: do you want to grow old like Maria and me, Alice?"

"Yes—a hundred times yes, Aunt Sophie, under these circumstances."

Miss Sophie, silenced, blinked her eyes meekly and wiped away two patient tears. "I wonder who'll home his head to Boston, I'd widge he'd send me home his stockin's to mend," she said.

She left Alice to her own thoughts and went disconsolately and the mending. The innocent glamour that had lent her life a faint rose-color had departed. A resentment of its grayness and monotony in her life had entered the room. The jatch in the margin carpet had not mowed so plainly.

"Well, it's all over," she said in a dry, reckless voice that made Maria look up in surprise and lay down her work.

"'Tis the girl at Potters', then?" she ejaculated.

"No, 'tain't any girl. 'Tain't anything only that Alice has returned him, and after a while there'll be three old mads here instead of two. That's all."

Miss Sophie sat down in her old chair and went to work again in a manner so determined and silent that Maria actually gazed wistfully at her. They had changed places, and it was her turn to appeal.

"I should like to see you talk to her, Sister."

"Some. Might as well not. She's very much like you, Alice; just so set."

"I've always picked up her work in a crestfallen silence, and it was some time before her lips regained their customary noncommittal line."

Miss Sophie came in from an errand one afternoon a month later and found her sister knitting.

"Where is Alice?" she asked at once.

"Gone on the river."

"I wish she hadn't come back?" asked Sophie, pausing excitedly in the untying of her bonnet-strings.

"True, he hasn't," returned, Miss Maria shortly.

"Oh, Well, I'm glad she went, anyway. She'll get cheered up, maybe. Maria, I don't believe John writes her a word."

Miss Sophie spoke wistfully, and sat down so far under the canary's cage that he had to stand on tiptoe and strain his neck to try for a glimpse of her.

Maria glanced up contemptuously. "Of course he do. Who's your child? John Dunbar is a man who knows his own mind. I wouldn't think to take Alice or leave her. Well, he's left her, Miss Maria snifled.

A slow tear came in Sophie's eye. "Yes, it's all over; but I wonder if you'll mind, Maria, that Alice don't get any the happier for it?"

"Oh, well," rejoined Maria, "this world is full of dog-in-the-mud."

"That don't sound at all kind, Maria, and I'm sure Alice does her best not to act changed; and she works real hard for it. She's begun studyin' German now, and I can't help thinkin', Sophie's voice dropped, "that she just needs to have any leisure."

"You can't help thinkin' a variety of things you'd be better off without," she remarked, her end of the sisterly teeter rising to a dominating height, as it always did when Sophie humbled herself.

"Who asked Alice to send John off, I'd like to know? She ain't goin' to be no lonehome after a man she's never loved."

They both started, for here the street-door opened with a crackling sound.

"Good-by, Sam," they heard Alice's voice say. "Thank you, and here is a beautiful afternoon."

She came in, and as her lips trembled as she looked from one to the other of her sisters, she looked humbled herself. She laid her face in her hands. She shook with sobs.

Sophie flew to her side. Maria's cheeks flushed. It was an unprecedented position for all three.

"I've never seen Alice," ejaculated Miss Maria sonorously. "Some one might come in. Think of the speech of people! Remember you're a Wilcox!"

"I've never seen Alice," ejaculated Miss Sophie in a voice soft as that of a mourning dove, while she drew the girl's hand to her shoulder. "I understand," said Maria, with headless trembling, "and if John Dunbar could change as quick as that with her only-faced short skirts and her grimacin', gigglin' "

ways. She ain't even fit to take your lovin's, and I do wish you'd remember who you are and stop cryin'."

"She ain't cryin' no more," returned Miss Sophie. "John's let his heart get caught on the rebound, as the old say is, and he's like to rue it—what I've seen of her."

"Alice ain't cryin' no more," returned Miss Sophie. "John's ill," she managed to utter.

"And 'tain't the Bell girl?" both aunts exclaimed. "Alice shook her head in the handkerchief. "It is my fault," she ejaculated.

And no amount of eloquence, nor variations on the reassuring edict that men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love, did any good toward allaying the pang of the girl's New England conscience.

"When finally, Alice had gone to her room, Miss Maria's hands were still working nervously on the arms of the chair she had not left. Sophie, dim-eyed, came and stood before her.

"Maria, I'm thinkin' of Anne," she said slowly. Anne was Alice's mother.

"Well, you'd ought to think of her with gratitude. She's got out of some things," returned Maria.

"But their sister's escape from her child's troubles was not uppermost in Sophie's mind, and Maria knew it.

By the time the first snow fell the girl had begun to cough. Her aunts again exchanged a look, but though they thought of Anne they did not mention her. Miss Maria bought a bottle of cod-liver oil and made Alice wear flannel next to her skin.

One evening after Sam Gilchrist had been calling Miss Sophie spoke low to her sister. "Did you notice," she asked, "that the house I had to go to last night, 'house been' so kind to John? I felt so bashful I couldn't look at Alice. Did you look at her, Sister?"

"There was a romantic in 'em," said Maria shortly. "I sh'd think you'd know that Alice ain't one of these whiffin', namby-pamby critters that refuses a man and then comes after him!" "You'd ought to have more dignity yourself!"

Apparently the younger sister was uncured. She looked wistfully at her elder. "Just think, Sophronia, could set down and write that poor hungry boy that I believed Alice was a hankerin' after him!"

Maria knit as fast as true as that about soundin' him. Suddenly the severe speaker surprised her sister by going to her and giving her an unexpectedly friendly pat on the shoulder.

"I feel sorry for you, Sophie, and for John and for Alice and for me; but it's come to us, and we haven't any call to do a thing."

Alice made a brave fight all that winter, and with Maria's help succeeded in allaying Miss Sophie's fears when she had seen the girl took a heavy cold, and was obliged to employ a substitute. "Just for a few days," she told Aunt Sophie, "but when she looked into her Aunt Maria's eyes she perceived there her own knowledge that the familiar schoolroom would know her no more."

Sam Gilchrist at this time combined business with friendship, and he took her to Boston. Upon his return he called promptly at the Wilcox cottage. Alice was always at home now, sitting in a sunny window with pale, bright face and her hair one or both of her aunts always with her.

The day that Sam called Miss Sophie happened to answer his knock. His anxious face cleared as he recognized her, for he was mortally afraid of Miss Maria, and he had been wondering how he could manage to see Miss Sophie alone.

"Why, you've been gone a long time, Sam!" she said cordially. "We're glad to see you back."

"Yes, Miss Sophie," he returned with agitation. "I wonder if you'll mind, Maria, that Alice don't get any the happier for it?"

Miss Sophie blinked behind her spectacles. It was so long since a young man had asked her to go to work with him, that she felt almost silly. "Would you do druther come in and see Alice?"

"I want to see you alone, Miss Sophie. I thought perhaps it would be best to see you first. It's about John."

"Oh, yes, indeed," Miss Sophie was absorbed at once. "The parlor's cold, but you can keep on your coat."

Half an hour later, when the front door slammed and Sophie came back to the sitting-room, both Maria and Alice noted the high color in her cheeks and the excitement in her eyes. Her voice was unsteady as she spoke, taking her low chair close to where Alice sat.

"Sam Gilchrist has been here," she said.

"Never mind what Sam's wanted to see so unkindly. 'Alice can hear about it later. She's tired now."

"Let me hear now, please," said the girl, without stirring, though her color had the front door slammed and Sophie came back to the sitting-room.

Miss Sophie was too full of her subject to be diverted. "I do think Alice ought to hear," she said. "John has told Sam all about how you've done with your illness. It's just notion 'else has made him so down sick."

The girl met her aunt's eyes with her perilsously-clear gaze. "I've never seen Alice," she said with difficulty. "I am expiating my fault with my life. Can I do more?"

Miss Sophie stared at her, petrified. A veil seemed to drop from her eyes, and she looked directly at the trembling hands. "Oh, Alice, Alice!" she groaned with a deep sob. "Maria," she turned to her sister, "you don't think I'm any more than a fool, do you?"

She could not speak further, but sobbed helplessly into her apron, while Maria patted her with one hand and put the other on Alice's knee.

# Two Little Tales of Two Proposals

With Drawings by A. D. Blasfield

## How He Finally Spoke

By Lulu Judson Moody

## When a Tree Had Ears

By Eleanor Metheringham

OLD BILLY ambled along the hot turnpike, bending beneath the burden of the basket in his arm. From under the smoky cloth with which it was covered there arose detectable odors in which roast turkey, home-cured ham and apples were commingled. Old Billy had prepared the basket himself. He had protested against the turkey, but when Mr. Joe said in tones of mild reproach, "Miss Jinny likes turkey, William," he had no more to say, for the pleasure and comfort of Miss Jinny were sacred alike to Old Billy and his master. Later, when the bird was roasting in the oven, Mr. Joe added a note of warning; "Remember, William, Miss Jinny likes her turkey well done." And Old Billy had remembered conscientiously.

Now, however, he grumbled a little to himself, for the sun was hot and the basket heavy. "De sping of de year ain't no time fur turkey, nohow," he told himself as he had told Mr. Joe that morning. "But Miss Jinny likes it," he added.

The old man's stocky figure, mild countenance and timid manner made up a curious replica of his master—in black. For fifteen years the two had lived together in mutual devotion, Old Billy serving Mr. Joe unceasingly and the latter leaning upon and taking comfort from the old negro's steady faithfulness. For fifteen years they had longed for Miss Jinny, mild-mannered and gentle-voiced as Mr. Joe himself, to be mistress of the old farmhouse. Old Billy knew, as did all the country round, and, indeed, Miss Jinny herself, that she would say yes if Mr. Joe would but speak the word. But for fifteen years he had hesitated lest the sweet serenity of their beautiful friendship be marred by her refusal. His was a modest soul.

Old Billy breathed laboriously as he plodded along in the sunshine, unconsciously slowing his pace as he approached a tree which threw a grateful shade across the road. An old log lay invitingly beneath. He glanced up at the sun. It was only noon-high and he was not due to meet the picnickers at the Big Spring until one o'clock. He hesitated—and was lost. Putting down the basket with a sigh of relief he seated himself on the log and leaned his tired old back against the tree. The shade was very pleasant, myriads of insects sang their songs in the air, and Old Billy had risen early that morning. Soon he fell asleep.

A woman from the mountains came walking down the road, her narrow skirts flapping about her lank limbs. She dragged her feet—clad in a worn pair of man's shoes—through the red mud. Her head was bowed and her eyes were cast down. An old brown calico dress covered her shapeless figure, and from the depths of her sunbonnet a pair of faded eyes in a lean and yellow face peered dully forth. Hard work, poor food and the isolation of the mountains had made her a creature to be pitied. She was on her way to town for "side" meat and cornmeal with which to feed her half-dozen children, clamoring for food six miles back in the mountains in the two-room cabin they called home. On her arm she carried a basket, over one end of which a cloth was lightly spread.

She came steadily along until she reached the shade which sheltered the sleeping negro. Putting down the basket she removed her bonnet and fanned herself. The old man slept undisturbed. She knew him—he was Mr. Joe's Old Billy. Everybody for miles around knew Mr. Joe, who owned the big peach orchard and the fine watermelon patch, and who sent away hundreds of crates of strawberries in season. One year she had been among the women to help pick the berries. Yes, she knew Mr. Joe's "nigger," and she regarded him with a natural contempt similar to that she would have inspired in Old Billy had he opened his eyes and recognized her, as he would surely have done, as "one of them no-count mosebacks from behind the mountain."

She began to regard the old man's basket with interest. Once the soft, warm breeze brought her a subtle hint of its contents and she sniffed the air hungrily. She gazed, fascinated, at the cloth so marvelously white. The basket was like her own, of the common kind, bought from the same little grocery-store in the town near by. Softly she drew a step nearer.

Old Billy was far away in a small shanty where he ate sweet potatoes and possum at his old Mammy's table. Suddenly the woman stopped and lifted the cloth. A sparkle shone in her pale eyes as she saw the turkey, brown and luscious; the succulent ham, rosy and fragrant; the tart, flaky and crisp; the snowy bread; the golden butter, the little pots of shimmering jelly. Her hand trembled as she replaced the cloth and moved a step back.

And still Old Billy, unconsciously recreant to his trust, slept on undisturbed by the steady gaze of the mountain woman. His basket stood to her for delicacies unattested and almost undreamed. In the poverty of her cabin home it would make a banquet far beyond imagination's wildest flights. It would feast for a week the hungry family meagerly fed on fat salt meat and "pone." Her eyes narrowed with a look of cunning. Carefully, with soft, slow movements she lifted Old Billy's basket and replaced it with her own, over which she lightly spread the white cloth. Then, taking his basket on her arm, she disappeared rapidly down the road.

On the greensward in the shade of the tree near the Big Spring Mr. Joe helped Miss Jinny to spread the smoky cloth. The children were shouting and they waded and splashed in the cool waters of the Branch, while their elders talked cheerily among themselves, unpacking baskets, carrying water and making other preparations for the dinner. A gay monarch lit on a tree near by and looked straight at Mr. Joe and Miss Jinny, caroled a sweet love-song. Mr. Joe's hand accidentally touched hers as they spread the cloth, and her cheek turned a sudden youthful pink. Oh, he thought, if he only dared speak! Oh, if he but dared! echoed Miss Jinny's loving heart.

"I have a surprise for you," he whispered tenderly. Then he straightened himself and looked about. Old Billy was toying with his basket. He is happy, they waded. "Here he comes now," some one called, and the old man was seen hurrying through the trees, while with an appeal for pardon his eyes sought Mr. Joe's.

"You are late," she said, later with a show of great severity. "But never mind: give me the basket."

He took it with a look of conscious pride and set it down. "There is something fine in here," he said, his kind eyes as he looked dared with a delightful air of mystery. The others drew nearer, among them Miss Jinny, tremulous with

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DARLING HAL: Such a day! . . . As soon as ever you've read this you're to throw it in the fire and hold it down with a poker till it's burned to ashes. You hear surely?

And here's straight for the news, for I am just bursting with it. At three o'clock this afternoon, as soon as Aunt Dolly had gone to get her forty-hundred winks, I took up a novel and set out for a walk. There were clouds, but they seemed too much loathe for rain, so I didn't take even my sunshade. The afternoon was delightful. But all of a sudden the sky grayed and almost blackened. The proper thing would have been to scamper back under the trees and home through the churchyard, but I didn't want to meet back all coming out of Sunday-school. So I began running, and soon after the first big drops had begun to plash down I was safe under that great big oak where we got the blackberries. You remember there's a kind of a little bank with the black-berry bushes on it, and the oak stands more out toward the road. I found quite a nice little archway, a sort of green cave in the two biggest bushes, where I could wait as dry as a bone till the storm was over.

The rain began to be awful. I could see two people hurrying along under an umbrella and evidently making for my tree. And who do you think they were, Hal darling? No other than the curate and Amy Winchster! Amy, Hal—think of it!

It was the curate's umbrella. That's the only reason why I'm sorry I didn't fall in love with a curate: curates are always ready for rain. As soon as they were safe under the tree the curate shut and opened his umbrella about a dozen times to shake the rain off, and then stuck it back upright in the ground. As for Amy, she took up her skirts a coquetish couple of inches and shook them quite prettily.

The curate said: "I'm so afraid you've got wet." Amy said: "Not a bit. I'm afraid you have, though. You would hold the umbrella all over me without thinking of yourself."

"Oh, no. I'm quite all right, thank you," said the curate. And he went on wiping his black left shoulder with his white handkerchief.

They didn't say anything else for a minute or two. That was my chance. But I missed it. Somehow, I never think of the right thing till the wrong time. Of course I ought to have come out of my green cave noisily. But I didn't. For one thing, I had no idea of the dreadful things that were going to happen. At the very worst I thought there would be a cosy debate about woman suffrage.

The sky grew blacker and the rain came down in floods. My cave was fairly weather-proof—so much so that I began to wonder whether it mustn't be a bit carwyg and creep-crawly as well. But although the oak tree carries tons of limbs and leaves, it didn't move and I didn't leave it. I waited till the curate was up his umbrella. Then he went back to Amy and held it over her. They were standing close against the oak trunk.

"Oh, no. I'm quite all right, thank you," said Amy.

The curate said: "Perhaps if we stood a little closer together . . . You don't mind?"

"I'm awfully sorry," said the curate, and took his arm away. Which I thought was very wrong of him.

Hal darling, that I could see the curate was in earnest, and not just flirting with Amy. It was wicked of him to put his arm around Amy's waist on a Sunday afternoon, but it was wrong to take it away again. It was awfully awkward.

She thought for quite a long time. Then she faced around to the curate and said as if she thoroughly meant it: "Mr. Brownmayne. . . I'm surprised and somewhat disappointed."

The curate looked most dreadfully sheepish.

Amy went on: "It confirms what I have always heard, but I have always been loth to rely on the traditions of your sacred office—under the conditions that you blame me for wishing to see altered—a woman cannot make a companion, even an intellectual companion, of a man without sooner or later coming to . . . to this. In your own case, Mr. Brownmayne, I thought you would not make a very good match."

The curate looked most sheepish than ever.

"Besides," continued Amy, "with you, Mr. Brownmayne, I felt doubly secure. Even if I was mistaken in my estimate of you as a man, I felt, at least, that I could rely on the traditions of your sacred office."

The curate dropped his umbrella and flushed warmly. You know, Hal darling, although I may have made fun of the curate for being a bit mulish as a man I must own that he always plays the game as a clergyman. Facing her squarely he demanded: "Miss Winchester, tell me what I have done that is unworthy."

His face was crimson, Amy's was white. By-and-by she answered: "You have assumed that he had no respect, and no claims to your respect either! You have . . . tried to make love to me."

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# The Little Sister Who Came From College

## A Story of an American Home

By Marian Kent Hurd and Jean Bingham Wilson

### III

ABOUT nine o'clock that evening, after the last dish was washed, after David's throat wash was prepared and Gassy's head anointed, a letter was written. Barbara went out to the mailbox, posted it and came back through the hall. The house was dark and still, and the girl sank down on the porch and wearily hid her head against the railing. The homely words of the Vegetable Man came back to her with new meaning. "Yes, it's true," she said. "I am 'without.' She put both hands before her eyes and broke into disappointed tears.

The summer passed swiftly, and Barbara learned much from experience. Once convinced of its necessity, she had thrown herself vigorously into the study of housekeeping and had developed rapidly. There had been a few maids, most of them incompetent, and a brief period that they were with her Barbara took part in some of the gaieties that began to thicken upon the approach of the autumn. Her great essay, "The Infinity of the Egg," lay untouched in her desk, and she felt no inclination to write anything heavier than the letters that merrily told her mother of the life at home.

It was the first day of school, in September, that Jack came downstairs with the inquiry: "Barb'ry, have you seen anything of my Greek since the twenty-sixth of last June?"

"I suppose you Greek in all the schoolbooks plod on the rubber-ink in the closet," said Barbara. "Hurry, David, it's after eight."

"David's voice came from the pillows of the lounge: 'I'm not going to school today. I've got a headache, and my shoulders are tired.'"

"First symptoms of the nine-o'clock disease," commented Jack.

"It is not I wish I didn't have to go to school," said David, in a petulant voice that was most unusual with him. "I hate it. Lessons are so mumm' ressing."

"Wait until you get into fractions," said Gassy. "Rithmetic is just planned to keep you guessing. I wish I'd stayed with my mind a blank, like the Everett baby."

"Don't worry about the Everett baby," said Barbara. "You are not so far from that condition that you can't find your way back."

There was a crackle of stiff, white apron, and "Whiting's Language Lessons" went sailing through the air, its pages falling as it struck Jack's head.

"Now see what you've done with me!" said Jack. "Two months before this exhibition of temper would have been made the subject of a moral lecture by Barbara. Now she only looks at me and smiles."

"You've given the leaves. 'Four boys!' she said. 'You've given me what Jack deserved. That's hardly fair, is it? No, David, you needn't help. I want you to get ready for school.'"

"Must I?" pleaded David.

"I think you had better."

The little boy raised himself from the floor with a long-drawn sigh that Barbara remembered days afterward. "All right, if you consent you," he said.

The house seemed very still after the children had gone, and Barbara reflected with relief that their departure would lighten her affairs.

"It doesn't seem very unfortunate," she said to herself. "Mother always seemed to be sorry when our vacation was over. But it is relief to have a quiet house. Perhaps, later, I shall have time to do a little writing."

The thought of the pile of rejected manuscripts lying upstairs in the desk stopped her. "I can't even write any more," she thought bitterly. "This kitchen drudgery takes the life out of my brain as well as my body. I must find time to put the early-morning freshness into something besides dishes."

It was with this idea that she carried a writing-pad and her fountain-pen out to the side porch an hour later. For some time she wrote steadily.

The opening of the gate roused her. It was Jack, carrying David, an inert little white stork, whose arms hung heavily over his brother's.

"What is it?" he breathed Barbara.

"Where's Father?" asked Jack.

"Come to see the Wemott baby. What's the matter with David?"

"I wish I knew," said Jack hoarsely. "He's sick, though. Call Father, and then help me to get him to bed."

Barbara's heart stood still, but her feet flew. "Wemott's residence," she said at the telephone. "It seemed hours before the answer came that her heart was that—Jack seemed to come to home at once." Even in her excitement she found thought to add the words that should save her ten minutes of worry: "There has been a hurry call."

The limp little body lay stretched out on David's bed. "He was taken sick on his way to school," she sent for me. When I got there he was lying just like this, and his teacher was trying to make him swallow a little brandy."

She said that during a recitation he began to talk wildly, and that he had been ill since the day before last. "I must force out the words—that it wasn't the nine-o'clock disease. She tried to quiet him, and he toppled over on the floor. Of course I brought him right home. When will Father be here?"

Between the disjointed sentences they put the child to bed. Then Jack hurried to call David's friends by telephone, while Barbara hovered over the still form until her father's step was heard on the stair. In the ten minutes' interval the girl learned what four years of college had

failed to teach—the hardest lesson that Time brings to Youth—to look to wait.

The two physicians arrived almost simultaneously. Then Barbara and Jack were sent downstairs, on errands that both felt were manufactured to get them out of the room. When they came back the bedroom door was shut. After that seemed to be hours the door opened and Doctor Curtis came out.

"Probably brain fever," said the doctor. "We hope that it won't be very serious. Jack, you come along to the drug-store with me. Barbara, you might go in and see your father now."

But the girl had not waited. Doctor Gratton stood looking down at the little figure outlined by the bedclothes. He turned as Barbara came in, and the girl retreated so unencouragedly from his face. When he spoke, however, it was reassuringly. "We can't tell just how sick he is, but we won't think about danger yet. He has complained about not feeling well lately."

"Not until this morning. David never does really complain. He wanted to stay away from school, though."

"He ought never to have gone," said her father. "Barbara winced as though she had been struck. "That was my fault, Father. I told him that I thought he had better go."

But the girl had not seen to hear. "I've been trying to think of what is best to do. I don't dare to let my mother know, yet. I've sent for a nurse and we must try to find some haven for Cecilia and Charles. You and Jack and I must hold the fort. Do you think we can manage it? It may be a long seige."

Barbara's eyes overflowed, but her voice was steady as she answered her father with a slang phrase that seemed, somehow, to carry more assurance with it than college English could have done. "Sure, I can depend on you to keep things running downstairs."

"Yes, Father."

Before the children had returned from school two visitors had cleared some of the difficulties from Barbara's path. The first was Mrs. Willowsy, who stopped to tell Barbara that Gassy and the Kid were to be provided with board for the home. As Mrs. Willowsy was going, Susan Hunt came hurrying up the walk. She caught Barbara's face and drew it down to her own. "Dear old Barbara! You've got to stay as long as you need me."

"I've come over to stay as long as you need me," said Susan. In a practical way, which brought more relief than pity would have done. "David may be all right in a day or two, but in the mean time I'm going to be a nurse for you."

"I can't let you do it," said Barbara. "What would your family do without you?"

"I've been trained so that they could get along without me for a year," answered Susan. "Besides, I shall not be away all the time; I shall run back and forth here and there, a finger in both pies. As for speaking of my pie, here is a cherry one that I had standing in my jar yesterday; I felt sure that you hadn't made any dessert for dinner."

Barbara took the plate unsteadily. "But I can't take favors from you now," she said awkwardly. "After my rudeness."

"Look here, Barbara," answered Susan. "You've always been doing favors for me all your life—favors that I couldn't return. Now there's only one thing that I can do for you, and that is cook. Do you mean to say that you're not going to let me do it?"

Over the little brown pie the two girls clasped hands. "When do you mean to get your feet on the ground?" Susan. "It's so late that I'll have to boil them."

In the three weeks that followed Barbara discovered the fear that comes when Death waits at the threshold. David wasted greatly under the suffering, and although Susan, as a practical nurse, which brought more relief than pity would have done. "David may be all right in a day or two, but in the mean time I'm going to be a nurse for you."

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It was the middle of October before the crisis came. Barbara stood looking out of the window through a blur of rain, but her eyes saw nothing but the wretched little form and her ears heard only the heavy breathing, broken now and then by a moan. Miss Graves had gone to get a few hours' sleep, and Doctor Gratton was consulting in the next room with her doctor. Their words were not distinct, but the girl caught the discouraged note in her father's voice. "They are afraid," she said to herself.

She turned from the desolate window to the bed. David tossed restlessly and called aloud for Barbara.

"I'm here, dear; say the little, taking the small, hot hand in hers; but the boy flung it away with a strange strength. "I want Barbara," he cried.

At the sound Doctor Gratton hurried back into the room, followed by Doctor Curtis. The nurse was summoned and then began a fight with Death that Barbara never forgot. Pushed aside, the girl watched a man whom she saw for the first time in her life. The father he had always known had vanished; in his place was the skilled physician who seemed to have thought for the patient rather than for the son. The two doctors worked like one machine—fighting the fever back step by step, pitting against it strength and science and will, and when it finally succumbed, and David was snatched from the burning, a poor, little, wasted wreath of living, Barbara understood the worship that Doctor Gratton's patients gave him.

"We've won," he said. "The fever's left the boy. Now, if we can't keep him alive tonight—"

Susan herself brought up the tray of supper to Barbara, but the rolls and the creamed chicken were left untouched. She could not even find words to reply to the unwelcome sympathy in Susan's good-night; but both girls understood Susan's reassuring pat on the shoulder and Barbara's tight grasp of the hand.

"Go to bed, children," said Doctor Gratton as he came out of the sick-room to where Barbara and Jack stood together in the hall. "There'll be no change for several hours, and we may need you both later."

"You'll fall us," said Barbara. "If it—"

"Yes," said the children, "I will."

The Gratton children stood in a row, watching their father and Barbara establish David in the big Morris-chair on the occasion of his first trip downstairs.

"Well, I say, justly," said Barbara. "You look just exactly like a collapsed balloon."

"It reminds me of the picture of the famine sufferer in India," said Susan.

"David looks to me like the sweetest small boy ever made," said Barbara quietly, as she bent down to kiss the pale lips of the little fellow who smiled.

The Kid raised himself from the floor, where he had been wriggling in the imaginary likeness of a box-carrying man, and he exclaimed, "Barb'ry," he said jealously. "Aren't I the baby any more?"

"You'll always be a baby," said Jack consolingly. "You'll fall us," said Barbara. "If it—"

"I'll bet a corky you've had a good half of every bit of food that has been sent to David. Hasn't he, Barbara?"

"People have been very kind, and turning very red, disregarding his question. "But, really, if Miss Bates brings another installment of preserved plums I don't know what I shall do."

"Let them come," said Jack. "and Charles and I will advance to the onslaught."

"I guess Mrs. Willowsy understands," observed Gassy impersonally. "She asked me if David enjoyed the wine-jelly she sent yesterday; and I said I didn't know, but that Jack said it was the best he had ever tasted."

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# Harrison Fisher's American Girls Abroad



## The American Girl in Ireland

By Harrison Fisher



This is the third of a series of drawings which Mr. Fisher is doing for THE JOURNAL, illustrating The American Girl Abroad. The next one will appear in an early number.

# Cole and Johnson's New Love Song

## "I Love But You"

Words and Music  
By J. Rosamond Johnson



*Con sentimento*

Can you not look in - to mine

*Andante grandioso*

*mp* *accell.* *sfz* *rall.* *mp* *colla voce*

*ten.*

eyes, dear, And read with-in their depths a long - ing To tell you, dear-est, just how much I love you, And to

*espressivo* *piu mosso* *ten.*

say that my heart is thine?— Can you not feel, when you are near me, The fire that in my soul is

*espress.* *mf piu mosso* *sfz* *ten.*

burn - ing? Do you not know, sweetheart, the one de - sire of my life is to call you fir - er - er mine? Yes, I

*abbandone* *pp con amore*

love you! Oh, I love you! Bead, love, mine eyes; feel, love, the warmth of my true heart, And

*f* *con calore* *tr.*

know that I love you! I love..... but you!.....

*molto cresc.* *ff appassionato* *sfz*

*espress.* *molto rall.* *e espressivo*

*molto rall.* *e espressivo*

*molto cresc.* *e accell.* *sfz*

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# Soda Cracker Logic

Any baker can make an ordinary soda cracker—but to produce Uneeda Biscuit requires the specially fitted bakeries of the

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

All soda crackers are food. But there is only one soda cracker highest in food value as well as best in freshness. Of course, that soda cracker is

# Uneeda Biscuit

5¢

Sold only in  
Moisture-Proof  
Packages

# A Camp Full of Babies

## How a Mother of Four Had a Jolly Summer at the Smallest Conceivable Cost

By Margaret Keeche:



The Boathouse: Where They Lived

ONCE upon a time, not very long ago, there was a mother named Mrs. Baker, and there were four little Bakers. Henry was five and a half, Marjorie was four and a quarter, Dorey was two and a half; and Molly was five months old. There was also a Father Baker, but he was such a very busy father and had to go so far away from Mother Baker and all the little Bakers in the summertime that he could pay them only two or three little bits of visits; so Mother Baker had to make all her summer plans without him. In the wintertime he was always with them in their lovely home not far from a big city, which was very nice in cold weather, but very hot and uncomfortable in warm weather.

It seemed only by chance that they found out how to have all the fun in going to school that they had one summer. A school friend of Mother Baker's (she had been young enough once to go to school) asked her to spend a week with her in a little place at the seashore and to bring one of the children. Of course, Mother Baker went, and Dorothy Baker went, too, for the change was sure to do her good, and, besides, there was a little girl about Dorothy's age for her to play with.

When Mother Baker and Dorothy got out of the train at the seashore station to pay their visit, after a long day's ride, they were very hot and tired and dusty. They found a carriage to meet them, and they drove six miles to the friend's house. It seemed to Mother Baker that she had never smelt such sweet wild roses, nor such a strong odor from the bayberry bushes and sweet-winged alder, nor heard so many lovely birds. By-and-by they smelt the salt air, too, and it was such red country that the carriage wheel would go "up" over a big rock one minute and "way down the next." But all Mother Baker could think of was that she wished all the other little Bakers were with her, too, and she was bound she would manage it somehow the next summer.

THEY had a delightful visit, and before she came away Mother Baker looked around to see what she could find for her own little family to live in. There were five lovely houses in the place, but Mother Baker didn't want a lovely house, for that would be just like winter and spoil all the fun. Besides, these were all occupied, and the more Mother Baker thought about it the surer she was that she couldn't wait till the next summer to bring all her little children to that delightful place; so home she went, and was back again with all of them in a few days to spend the rest of the summer in—what do you think?—a boathouse! Yes, it was a real boathouse that belonged to one of the big houses in the neighborhood; but then, it was a very comfortable boathouse. It had an open fireplace in it, and a sink in the closet with one sprig to it. This closet was called the kitchen, but it was more like a tiny pantry, and all the cooking was done on two little oil-stoves.

There was one room downstairs and one room upstairs, and you had to go upstairs by a ladder. Upstairs there were four little cots, one for Henry, one for Marjorie, one for the French nurse, and one for the cook. The downstairs room was dining-room, living-room and Mother Baker's bedroom. She had a big, double bed in one corner for herself and Dorothy, with a screen all around it, a writing-table in another corner, the dining-room table in a third corner, and the refrigerator in the fourth. That summer Molly was only five months old, so she slept on a wicker settee downstairs, where she was perfectly safe, as she was too little to roll off, and indeed Mother Baker's friends thought she was entirely too little to go camping and were horrified at the whole performance.

The boathouse was not on the ocean, but on a beautiful pond three miles long, and to get to the ocean Mother Baker had to row across the pond and then she was very one's throw from a fine beach where the bathing was splendid, or you could walk along the beach about a mile to a point where the coast was rocky and wild, and among the rocks were so many starfish, sea anemones, mussels and snails. Of course, the Bakers had a rowboat tied to a nice little dock just outside their house, and when they went to sleep they could hear the water splashing gently on the side of the boat. "The children will fall in and be drowned"; but Mother Baker had a staple and ring put in the middle of the dock and four ropes tied to it which would just reach to the edge, and then the biggest three little Bakers would be tied there, and sometimes a little friend also, and would sail their boats by the hour or fish for little fish which they never caught, but they were happy just the same.

When Mother Baker's sister, who had six children and an eminently respectable house at another seashore place, heard of the life in the boathouse she wrote: "How any one can enjoy eating her meals while in danger at any minute of having a child precipitate himself headlong down a ladder into her lap, I can't see!" And she said other things, too, that showed she would enjoy the life at all. But perhaps Mother Baker was "queer," for she liked "queer" things that other people don't like.

Anyway, they all went home after six weeks splendidly well, and no one was sick a minute all winter, so they all agreed the experiment was a great success.

THE next summer Mother Baker decided that they would surely have to be there all summer, and that the little Bakers would have to learn to row and swim and fish and catch crabs and do all the delightful things you can learn to do at the seashore. Besides, they wanted their friends to visit them, and it would be impossible to tack any one extra away in the boathouse. So she looked around for another place. Not far away, just over a little hill and across the pond, was a dear little house consisting of one small room and one other, very very small room, and no upstairs. There was also a shed in which to hitch your horse, and half an acre of ground all fenced in on three sides and running right down to the pond. There was a dear little turnstile each side of the place, and there was also one gate in the fence where bars could be let down for a carriage to come in when necessary. It was altogether the coziest, cunningest, little place you ever saw, and just what Mother Baker wanted. But where could they all sleep? The little house was just big enough to use as a dining-room and kitchen, and perhaps as a bedroom for one person. It would also do for a sitting-room on rainy days if you wanted to be indoors, although with oilskin suits and hats to protect them they were all outdoors most of the time, rain or shine.

At last Mother Baker remembered that when she was young she used to visit a beautiful camp in the mountains where nobody slept in tents, and she thought: Why not do it at the seashore, even if nobody else does? So she provided a big tent with a good floor and a tiny piazza in front, and in it she put all the little beds in a row with one across the foot, for the little Bakers and herself to sleep in. There was a bureau for her and one for the children, and a chest made by putting a good floor shell and tacking unleached musk to the inside of it. In the corner was a washtub and a chest to put the linen in, and swinging across the corner above these was a canvas hammock for the baby to sleep in. She had the shed floored and a door and two windows put in; then it was whitewashed and comfortably furnished for the maids; and this was called "the barn," although it was certainly a nice little room.

What fun they did have and what appetites! The little Bakers ran barefoot all summer, and were never dressed up except for two parties and one Sunday. Mother Baker and a friend hired a sailboat, and together they learned to sail it alone and take the children out. Henry and Marjorie learned to swim, and Dorothy learned to row. The baby learned to walk, so every one felt something had been accomplished by the end of the summer besides good health and fun.

AND, best of all, Father Baker was able to visit them three times, and he just loved it. Oh, the picnics and the crabbing, the sailing and fishing, the water sports and the visits to the life-saving station, the beach parties and the marsh-mallow roasts! If I just wish you had been there, too, but some day you may try it and see for yourselves how lovely it is!



"Why Not Sleep in Tents at the Seashore?"



"Above was a Canvas Hammock for the Baby"



"She Had a Big Tent With a Tiny Piazza"



"Among the Rocks Were Ever So Many Starfish"



"They Would Sail Their Boats by the Hour"



"A Fine Beach Where the Bathing was Splendid"



"There was One Room Upstairs"



"Fish for Little Fish Which They Never Caught"



"What Fun They Did Have and What Appetites!"



"With Oilskin Suits and Hats to Protect Them"



"The Little Bakers Ran Barefoot All Summer"

## Fourth-of-July Luncheon Tables

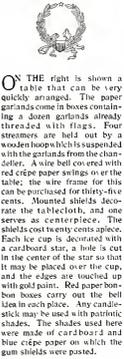
By Winifred Fales: Photographs by Helen D. Van Eaton



FOR this table pin flags to the cloth or buy a crepe-paper tablecloth with the flags printed on. An eagle made of wired crepe paper is suspended from the chandelier and poised on the drum; or the mounted picture of an eagle may be used. The sides of the cardboard drum are covered with white crepe paper with a darker border bearing thirteen silver stars. Red crepe paper covers the outside. An opening left in the top of the drum is covered lightly with tissue-paper. Through this come the red, white and blue ribbons which hold the favors inside; they are secured in the eagle's beak and drawn out to the places. The small drums used for ice cups can be made like the large drum, or bought.



THIS table shows a paper eagle hung from the chandelier and holding in its mouth a bell covered with an air-crepe paper and bearing pointed black numerals. A wire bell costs thirty-five cents and may be covered at home. The table is prettily decorated with pink roses—which may be either real or artificial—inserted on to a wire. Each ice cup surrounded by roses, is guarded by an "Uncle Sam" cut out of a picture post-card and holding a small flag. The place-cards are also cut from post-cards, each representing "Miss Columbia." Any patriotic post-card designs could be used, or suitable cards could be printed. For the finishing touch pin half a dozen flags to the tablecloth. If no flags are not available crepe-paper ones may be used.



ON the right is shown a table that can be very quickly arranged. The paper garlands, come in boxes containing a dozen garlands already threaded with flags. Four streamers are held out by a wooden hoop which is suspended with the garlands from the chandelier. A wire bell covered with red crepe paper swings on or the table; the wire frame for this can be purchased for thirty-five cents. Mounted shields decorate the tablecloth, and one serves as centerpiece. The shields cost twenty cents apiece. Each ice cup is decorated with a cardboard star; a hole is cut in the center of the star so that it may be placed over the cup, and the edges are touched up with gold paint. Red paper bonbon boxes carry out the bell idea in each place. Any candlesticks may be used with patriotic shades. The shades used here were made of cardboard and blue crepe paper on which the gum shields were pasted.



DECORATING a luncheon table for the Fourth of July is a much easier task now than it used to be, thanks to the variety of inexpensive decorations to be found in the shops. Those of us who have little time to make patriotic designs at home can buy for a few cents practically all the decorations we need, using our own ingenuity to adapt them to individual schemes. Crepe paper is perhaps our best friend; it is cheap and decorative, and comes in countless designs. Many paper novelties have small patriotic insignias in their centers which may be cut out and mounted for use as place-cards. Candle-shades for patriotic decorations come in a number of designs at twenty-five cents apiece. Those shown on the table in the upper left-hand corner of this page were made from four flat pieces of red cardboard held together by white crepe paper on the inside; a small shield was placed in the center of each panel.



THIS table in pure white is delightfully cool-looking for a hot summer day. A great piece of ice is placed in a baking-pan and forms the central ornament. A cardboard box conceals the pan and a snowy appearance is given by blotted crepe paper neatly arranged around the box. The ice is jagged out with an ice-pick to resemble an iceberg. White polar bears of paper-cards are climbing the ice; these may be obtained from any good shop that supplies all kinds of favors and bonbon boxes, and cost five cents apiece. The bonbon boxes are made to resemble ships; blue tissue-paper is arranged on the lid for the sea, and little ships (also obtained from the favor shop) give the finishing touch. Fastening a wire paper, twisted, may be used to divide the table. White candle-shades are ornamented with spikes of white tissue-paper to represent icicles.



TWO hoops crossing each other, with a bell suspended from the middle, form the centerpiece for the table illustrated above. Get two wicker hoops, twenty-five inches in diameter, cover them with strips of white tissue-paper, and partly conceal them with bunches of red zambier roses and lilies. The wire bell is covered with silver-gray crepe paper and has the date in gold, gilded letters. The little bell bonbon boxes may be purchased for thirty-five cents apiece; a top flag is placed across the top, and fringed ribbon, attached to the big bell, is tied in a bow around the flag-sticks. The design for the place-cards is cut from the corner of a crepe-paper napkin and mounted on cardboard. The rose candle-shades can be purchased for fifty cents apiece, or with bead fringe for seventy-five, but they can be very easily made from a trilling sum to home.



## Brainy Men

know the importance of right food—even though they may not be "food-experts."

The Brain must be fed, and Nature has stored up in wheat and barley certain elements especially adapted to brain building.

The famous food

## Grape-Nuts

has these elements, including the phosphate of potash, which is *grain* in the grains, and which is combined with albumen in the blood to form the gray substance in brain and nerve centers.

In making Grape-Nuts the whole grains (wheat and barley) are ground into flour, and combined with pure water, a little compressed yeast and a "pinch" of salt, and no other ingredients are used.

Grape-Nuts food is baked for many hours in two separate ovens, producing changes in the starch and making it especially adapted to the invalid, convalescent, infant, or aged person.

It is also the ideal nourishment for the athlete and hard-working business man.

It supplies the *right kind* of nourishment for repairing brain and nerve cells—a fact which has been attested by thousands of successful men and women in all parts of the world—

"There's a Reason"

Read "The Road to Well-Being," in pgs.



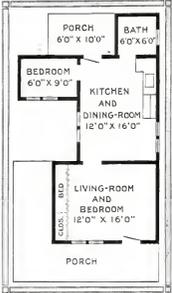


# Tent-Houses for Summer Days

By Helen Lukens Gaut



The Illustrations Above and Immediately Below Give an Adequate Idea of the Exterior and Interior of a Tent-House



THE "tent-house" is an attractive and economical phase of the life of Southern California, but it can easily be adapted in any warm climate for all-the-year-round use and built anywhere for summer occupancy. It ranges from the ready-made tent, that can be purchased and set on a wooden platform, to a house with up-to-date plumbing and conveniences. A good type consists of a wooden floor set on foundation posts, a frame of 2 x 4 studding, on which a base of clapboards is nailed with canvas above, and a roof of canvas or shingles—preferably shingles. If the roof is of canvas a fly is necessary for use in summer, otherwise the heat would be oppressive. Canvas roofs are also objectionable because they are likely to leak in heavy rains. In the interior the partitions are usually of canvas or art burlap nailed on wooden frames.

Cost to Build the Tent-House Shown Above

Lumber	\$100
Plumbing	100
Labor	75
Canvas	25
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$300</b>



The Floor Plan

The Porch is a Pleasant Outdoor Living-Room



Six Rooms and Bath Comprise This Tent-House Which Cost \$630. The Walls are Constructed of Clapboards and Duck



\$300 Has Been Well Invested in This Little Tent-House of Five Rooms, the Interior Walls of Which are Lined With Burlap



A Livable Feeling Prevades This House Which Cost but \$300, and Which Has Three Rooms, Bath, and a Porch on Two Sides



This Attractive Tent-House of Four Rooms Would Make a Comfortable Summer Home for a Small Family. It Cost \$350



This is an Admisible Example of the Relation Between House and Garden. The House Cost \$800 and Has Four Rooms and Bath



Almost Hidden by Trees and Vines This Pretty Tent-House Bespeaks Coziness and Comfort, and was Built for \$300

## TIFFANY & CO.

Tiffany Diamond Rings

Can only be purchased direct from Tiffany & Co.'s establishments in New York, Paris, and London

Tiffany & Co.'s facilities for securing the choicest gems enable them to offer many distinct advantages in quality and value

Purchases of solitaire diamond and other rings, ranging from very moderate prices upward, can be easily and satisfactorily made through the Correspondence Department

Upon advice as to requirements, with limit of price, Tiffany & Co. will send photographs, cuts or descriptions of what their stock affords. Selections of rings or other articles will be sent on approval to persons known to the house or to those who will make themselves known by satisfactory references

The Tiffany Blue Book, 700 pages, sent upon request

Fifth Ave. & 37th St. New York

## The Heroism of a Plain Country Woman

CONSIDERING the world of men and women we are in the best of times. A plain woman is better than man. We are used to thinking of woman's virtues as refining, her presence as ennobling, her character as pure and her nature as virtuous. The plain woman herself until in many instances it has blinded them to terrible faults and caused them to continue through a lifetime straggling in error, sinning daily and hourly against their husbands and families in the blind idea that they are right. No doubt Mylo Jones's wife when James Whitcomb Riley so humorously tells us about, fully believed that she was preserving an inextinguishable standard of right, even though she drove her husband to live in the barn and find "Old Kate," the balky mare, better company than his spouse. I may not be the proper person to discuss this subject, since I am notorious for sinning in the opposite direction. I am lax in my domestic discipline and have been severely blamed for allowing my husband to go his own gait and bring the dog in at the front door three times a day, clutter my house with fishing-rods and guns, and go fishing and hunting whenever he chooses. I would not recommend my lenient attitude to others, but I do wish to talk a little to women about the medium gait in housekeeping.

Many an Excellent Housekeeper is a very poor homemaker, and I have known women who made everything lead to the one ideal of neatness, and in consequence of their devotion to this one ideal allowed their children to starve mentally and morally. On the other hand, I have known many women whose poor, spiritless housekeeping has fostered in their children unamiable ideas and alarming common tastes. The American people are suffering just now from an epidemic of commonness—a general taste for cheap sentiment, a mania for the humorous, the light-minded and for much that is plainly immoral, but which the spirit of the times clothes with respectability. I am intensely sorry for any household which has for its head a poor housekeeper. There are more of these than we generally realize. There are thousands of women who do their work in a poor way, year in and year out, and are able to do so because "put upon" by Fate and as long as the time for higher things. There is actually nothing in Heaven or earth higher than scrubbing the kitchen table if it needs it and you are able to do so. Never imagining, when you leave it coated with grease and grime and run away to your foot or your piano or your embroidery, that it is because you have naturally finer tastes than the woman who gets her scrubbing-brush, her hot suds and her cleaning material and goes after that table. A hiring may scrub the table because she has to do it to earn her wages, but the woman who cleans and sees the noblest need of scrubbing leaves it so, not because she is innately too lazy to do it, or because she actually is too lazy, or because she has been wrongly taught in regard to such things.

A Sense of Art May be Exercised in the Kitchen as fully as in the studio, and to dread kitchen work or shrink from laundry work or housecleaning is not at all indicative of refined tastes. The lowest woman in the world refuses to do any of these things for herself for personal ease and luxury and for "pretty things," exactly such as you, my dear, admire and long for. Home is a safe shelter for woman's soul, and much of it is done unobtrusively and monotonously ways because of the fact that "nobody will see or know."

It is a very true saying that nobody works so hard as the person who works badly, and it applies, I think, to the poor housekeeper. She is always tired, always worried, always ready to complain over the abuses of women. The poorest housekeeper I ever knew was a woman who scrubbed her kitchen table every day. Her husband suggests that all woman's-rights women are poor housekeepers. I heard a young man say of a woman with whom he boarded in the country that she put up a table of old tinware on the table before Thanksgiving, and they were set on and off at every meal until New Year's. This was probably an exaggeration, and yet I have seen women—and the women know dozens of them—who do set uninviting dishes on and off the table day after day—perhaps in the mistaken idea that it would be wasteful to throw these things away—and likely, too, because throwing the stuff away would involve washing the dish.

Women are very prone to take up the idea that they are not able to do certain things. Their excuse is that they do not feel like doing so. They probably do not. In ten minutes they could do any kind of work of this feeling and be all the better and happier for doing so. We have the steepest flight of stairs at our house, and I often hear my daughters say: "Oh, my, it was something and it's upstairs—try to get along without it!" This is pure degeneracy in them, and I am sure I "raised" them better.

It is a habit, nothing more—a dread of physical effort. Women for a number of years have been growing into the idea that they have a supernatural right to everything that is dainty and pretty and easy, and there has been a great deal of money made by every one who has fostered the idea in woman that she is a delicate creature and likely to hurt herself every time she turns around. Last winter I lived in the home of a young man who knew every day in the world to be happy. The young man knows his business of farming thoroughly, and he is ambitious to have things about him thrifty and pleasant. They have a family of healthy children, but—the wife is a slattern of the type that will sit all day long with beds unmade and dishes unwashed, reading a novel or working a piece of fancy-work. The man in this case does all that he can, every effort that he can make he makes, and he never reproaches his wife, but one can see how deeply it grieves him. He says she is not well, that her tastes are too fine for housekeeping, but he knows the plain truth—the woman is too lazy and she lacks the moral stamina to overcome it. Now this woman is very religious. She teaches a Sunday-school class and is a pillar of the churchwoman. I do not know what kind of keeping her house comfortable and decent is a religious duty.

I was Discussing Religious Topics Some Years Ago with an elderly man who was deeply interested in the religious life, and I stated that it was a religious act for me to straighten up my house and cook the weekly dinner. He said that he had never heard of a woman who was so very religious. I said that I was not sure, but I was sure that there was any religious significance in a point of housekeeping—I should think it was more a matter of taste or inclination. "I was sure of that," he said, "for the man was a thin and I did not see how the fact could escape him that everything we do or leave undone has a religious significance, and that there is much more actual religion in staying at home and cleaning up one's house than in going to church,

if it comes to a question of deciding between the two. I believe the young wife whom I have in mind justifies her slovenly housekeeping with the idea that if she could have things as she wished them she would do better.

This is the world-old attitude of the dreamer, and this dreamer is the one person who never has a dream come true. One actual day would put out to some practical ideal of leatery is worth all the dreams in the world. The young woman in question would sit by the fire and let the twilight fall and darkness come down on the cold, mussed kitchen. Her husband would come in, bringing her a huge basket of sweet, warm milk that had milked from the pretty cows he kept; then he would start a fire in the rusty kitchen stove, and at the last minute, when she couldn't postpone it any longer, the wife would get up and mess up some sort of meal. How much more beautiful, more inspiring it would be if she had that kitchen stove glowing and the table prettily set out for a warm meal when he came in from work.

How many men there are who are familiar with experiences like this we scarcely dare to think—men who have wives who will not do it, and at the last minute, when she couldn't postpone it any longer, the wife would get up and mess up some sort of meal. How much more beautiful, more inspiring it would be if she had that kitchen stove glowing and the table prettily set out for a warm meal when he came in from work.

One of the Unloveliest Recollections of My Life is of being in the home of an elderly couple who, as many another family has found itself, were actually unable to find a servant to do their work. The husband was ill, and the wife was storming in a rage because she had to build a fire in the kitchen range and cook him something to eat. Her eyes flashed and the tears fell thick and fast, so strong was her sense of the injustice of the situation. "Think of me," she stormed, "being required to do such things!" Now, I am sure she was conscious of her superiority by this feeling of rebellion against what she considered menial work. A whole volume of mistaken ideas spoke in her angry tone and bitter words. She had never learned that it is the test of superiority to meet affairs as we find them and to be capable of rising to the occasion, no matter what it is.

When contrasting the two types of women, the Mylo Jones wives and the actual slatterns, I will always choose the latter if, with her slovenliness, she has brightness and good humor, in place of the perfect housekeeper who is crabbed and exacting and makes everybody afraid to breathe or to turn around in her house. The slatternly woman is often "good-hearted," whereas I doubt whether a narrowly perfect housekeeper can be really good-hearted—she is sure to be cruel to cats or dogs or children or men or some other poor, blundering creature. I will always take my chances with people who do not make a point of duty rather than with those who will walk roughshod over the feelings of every creature they meet, from man to dog, in the pursuit of what they consider an imperative duty.

But there is no reason in common-sense why we should go to another extreme in setting the pace for our housekeeping. There is no doubt that the inexorable housekeeper, the woman who puts her whole soul into achieving her ideal of perfection, is personally far happier than the lazy woman who sits around all day or roams through society like a tramp, with no special object in view but to while the time away. The fine housekeeper is expressing herself, but there is always joy in self-expression. But before indulging in this joy we must consider how our expression will affect those nearest and dearest to us. If it is going to make anybody else miserable we must turn the channel a little and find an outlet some other way.

In Speaking of Proper Housekeeping we always refer to orderly rooms and closets and bureau drawers and immaculate pantries and spotless kitchen. Any woman who has done her own work and reared a family knows that this ideal is far above the reach of the household housekeeper. But all of our ideas are far above our doing if they are not so there would be saits walking the earth and the Kingdom of Heaven would be at hand! Everybody admits the ideal household arrangement, but I believe there is soul misery in striving too hard to approach it and in consciously falling too far below it.

The mistress of a household holds a peculiar position in the world—the most responsible position, I think, that can be held. On her and her mental attitude hangs the destiny of a family. On her depends the atmosphere of a home. I think many people pass by dwellings negligently with scarcely a thought of what they indicate, but I have a special feeling for houses. They appeal to me as actual entities, and how sorry I feel for them when they have a bad history! How I pity them when I see them falling into neglect with swinging shutters and sagging porches—they seem so pathetically to speak of human degeneracy. Think how often you have seen a special farmhouse nestling in trees and looking somewhat like the home you have always dreamed of. But when you have gone in from how often you have been disappointed! Perhaps the house was full of bad air (for country people with legions of flies and other enemies are great on exclusion), and perhaps you found the family far back in the dining-room or kitchen and there you saw evidences of a humdrum, narrow, vegetating sort of life. If you did there was just one reason: either the mistress of the house had no mental attitude or she was lazy.

Either of these conditions is fatal to a home, and the atmosphere of such a woman permeates every corner of the household. The best thing about putting the house in order is the mental effect upon the woman who does it. She puts her mind in order. Did you ever notice how irresistibly happy you feel when the rooms are straightened up and there is something to do in the house and you "see your way through" why your work? This uplifting sense comes from your own mental state. You have put yourself in accord with the Universe, the law of which is order.

If You Achieve a Sort of Resilience by putting things out of your mind—stepping yourself in forced forgetfulness or drudgery, you are practicing a vice quite like that of the opium-eater or the drunkard. When the book or the embroidery offers you this narcotic, and tempts you to leave the house in disorder and take up something to do, do not forget it, try to remember that fact. If the thousands of women who are daily striving to order their lives so as to be free of household cares could but realize that they are disposing of the best means of setting their minds in order and taking up what they call "outside interests"—but which are really dissipations, things to "occupy the mind" if No woman should have time on her hands any more than it was a man should—yet how many of them have it! What a pity that "eternal rest" is our ideal of Heaven, and that men and women who themselves working in order to realize a time when they can "quit work."

The Country Contributor

## Old Dutch Cleanser

### Chases Dirt

### Old Dutch Cleanser

### Large Sifting-Top Cans 10c

At all Grocers

## Avoid Caustic & Acids

Cudahy Omaha Maker

## Old Dutch Cleanser

### Cleans Scrubs Scours Polishes



# NEEDLEWORK FOR THE SUMMER PORCH



## Yokes for Girls' Summer Dresses

By Lilian Barton Wilson

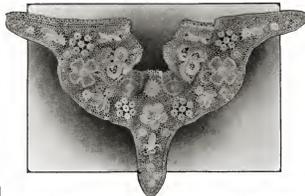
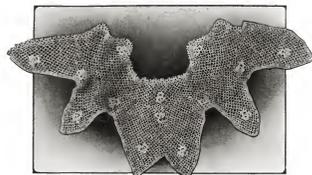
Drawings by Anna Burnham Westerman

I will answer any questions about the blouses and yokes shown on this page, if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is inclosed with the inquiry.



**V**ERY little fullness is necessary for cotton crêpe. This musketeer sleeve with band holding the fullness is very attractive.

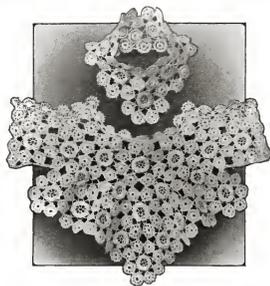
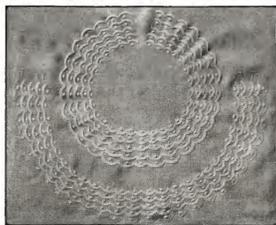
**F**INE cotton crêpes make most serviceable blouses. The great advantage of this pretty material is that it needs no ironing.



**A**CRINOLINE pattern should be fitted to the neck with the collar. The crocheting is then done over this careful pattern and the yoke will fit perfectly. Keep the collar line straight.

**I**RISH-CROCHET yokes used with cotton crêpe are consistent because they, too, can be washed and are ready for wear without ironing.

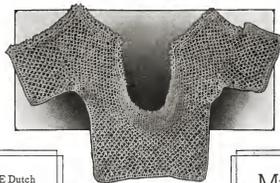
**T**HE unusual motifs in this more elaborate yoke should be made first, and afterward tacked in place on the backing. The baby-Irish mesh is then crocheted around these motifs.



**A**YOKE embroidered in ribosine and fiber floss is pretty for a little silk or pongee frock. It can be made of a different material from the frock itself.

**T**HE neck cuts out from the center of this circle, and the last row of scallops, which is indicated only by a run-in line, fastens it to the blouse.

**T**HIS yoke-and-cuff set is a bit of rather coarse but attractive crochet. The little disks and roses are held together without a mesh, which is quite unusual.



**T**HE Dutch neck is very becoming. Be sure to position your blouse lower in front than in the back.

**Y**OKEs like these, made entirely of the baby-Irish background without decorative motif, are in the most beautiful taste.

**M**AKE the thistles separately, and after arranging them on the foundation crochet the baby-Irish.

# What is New in Centerpieces

By Lillian Barton Wilson

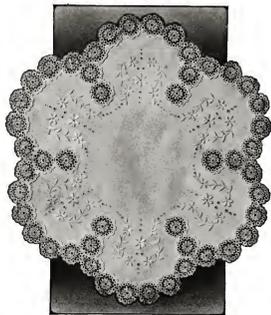
IN THIS group of centerpieces there is a large variety of designs and of needlecraft methods. The centerpiece now may also be the "between-mats" mat, and for this purpose the net is especially effective, because the transparent ground over the dark wood brings out the linen appliqué beautifully. Over the white damask cloth this work is most dainty.

I will be glad to answer any questions about the centerpieces shown on this page, if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is inclosed with the inquiry.



14162

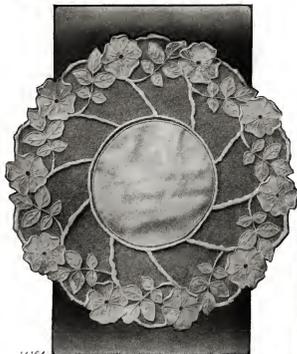
THIS heavy floss embroidery may be done on a twilled cotton or thick saten. The colors are gold and golden brown. Satin stitch is used in the pineapples. The outer leaves in the whorl are buttonholed.



THE tinted wheels in this unusual little centerpiece are made separately and afterward arranged and embroidered against the linen. The composition of the lace and the embroidery is very well managed.



THIS simple doily embroidered in flat satin stitch matches the centerpiece in the lower right-hand corner.



14164

A LINEN appliqué on net is accomplished by laying handkerchief linen over the net. After basing the two together follow the outline of the design in running stitches. The work is then prepared for embroidering.



WHEN the fabrics have been worked together cut away the linen close to the embroidery on the right side and the net from the back of the plain center.

The beautiful centerpiece below is done in buttonhole stitch with the curl edge turned in toward those portions of the design which are to be cut away. Do the work on round-weave, coarse linen, with heavy linen or slightly-twisted cotton threads.

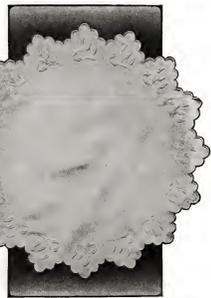
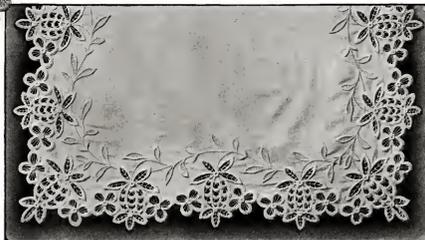


14163

AFTER "running" around the entire outline embroider these edges over in satin stitch, keeping the form and spirit of the design and making this work model the edges. Buttonhole the outer edge.



INSERTS of linen with tating are very pretty and unusual. The linen emphasizes the airiness of the "frivolous" and gives it more character. This crescent will suggest other forms which might be used as inserts with tating or other laces.



ON ROUND centerpieces set the pattern straight with the grain of the material. Round linens sometimes seem contorted because this is not done. This embroidery is simple satin stitch with "voiding" in the leaf veins; always an effective way of working.

# Kentucky Mountain Patchwork Quilts

By Elizabeth Dangerfield

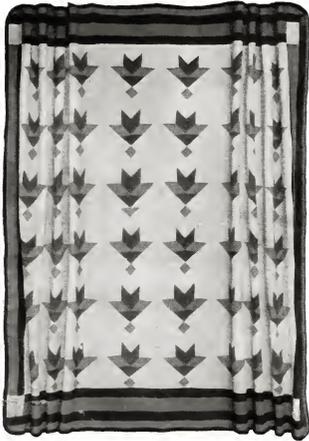
THE Kentucky mountain quilt, like the ballad-monger's art or the Indian's picture-writing, tells to the initiated the story of travel, shows the flora of the section, or visions of the fairy rings woven by the field spider and sparkling in the sun. The mountain women sew into the bright appliquéd figures and quilted squares their memories and dreams as our ancestors did with silk and worsted in the old-fashioned "sampler."



THE "Ostrich Feather" of green and red with yellow center is one of the oldest designs.



"CROSS-VINE" pattern, with Maltese crosses quilted in spaces. Combine four colors.



THE "Flower-Pot" or "Box" pieced in smaller figures, and therefore easier to make, may be made of two or three colors.



14170

THE "Star of Bethlehem," generally made of blue and white, is one of the most desirable quilts. Pieced in small squares it is easy "pick-up" work for summer.



14170

"MOUNTAIN LILY," which represents a native wild flower. A beautiful effect is made by repeating the design in the quilting.



THE "Spider Web" is sometimes called the "Sunburst." As the pieces are quite small it requires care, skill and patience to make.



IMAGINATION can find in the "Rocky-Mountain" pattern the suggestion of sunset above "The Great Divide." The pieces—red and green—should be "set" in salt water.



14170

THE "Tulip" is named for the blossom of one of our most beautiful trees. Quilted in hoop and feather pattern it is exquisite.



DESIGNED BY H. HESSFEN & SON



DESIGNED BY JAMES HUNT



DESIGNED BY THE KETH COMPANY

# GOOD-TASTE MILWAUKEE

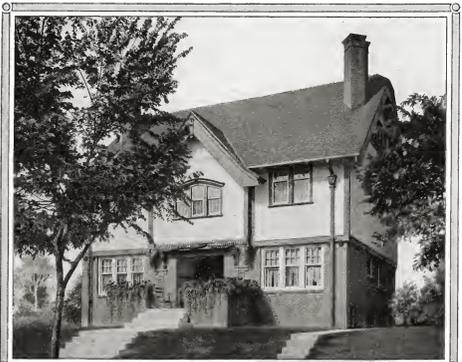
From Photographs Taken Especially for T  
This is the second of a series of five double pages in which THE JOURNAL will  
building throughout that part of the country



DESIGNED BY FRED GRAY



DESIGNED BY A. C. EISHWELDER



DESIGNED BY H. W. SJERWING



DESIGNED BY A. C. EISHWELDER



DESIGNED BY ELVER GREY



DESIGNED BY BRIST & PHILIP

# THE HOMES OF THE FOLKS

The Journal by Henry Fuermann & Son

will show the admirable results that are being obtained in suburban-house  
commonly known as the Middle West.



DESIGNED BY A. C. ESCHWEILER



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DESIGNED BY H. WEISSER & SON



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# Hand-Made Dresses for the Baby

By Emily Pratt Gould



THAT the first consideration for the baby should be his comfort we all agree, and his adoring relatives may safely forget the frills of fashion in any sewing they may do in preparation for the tiny defenseless stranger. So let me suggest the simply-made garments as the best always, of materials as fine as you can afford, and let your love, energy and devotion show by your handiwork in the making of them. These designs for a baby's first and second dresses are all made of the best quality of muslin and lawn, with dainty trimmings of feather-stitching, fine tuckings, some narrow beading, smocking, and with a few touches here and there of Valenciennes edging and insertion. Short slips may be made after the illustration of the long one shown in the center at the top of the page.



THE long dress illustrated directly above was designed for a christening dress, the feather-stitching just above the deep hem being a little more elaborate than usual, though, as you see, it adds neither weight nor fussiness to the dress as a whole. The other designs for long dresses vary only in the trimmings. Among the short, or second, dresses the one in the lower left-hand corner suggests possibly a best dress, on account of its trimmings of feather-stitching and lace-edged ruffles. The other four short dresses show a pleasing variety in yokes and hems. In the one shown just below a new idea is presented in the satin ribbon running through long eyelets under the tucks and final in a bow.



## This Housewife Knows

She buys leaf lard. She knows that leaf lard is to ordinary lard what cream is to milk.

She has used all kinds of lard.

But she has found, through experience, that leaf lard makes a vast difference in cooking.

She uses it now in place of butter because it doesn't cook so dry. And she uses but two-thirds as much as of other lards. That is essential, else the food is too rich!

She has found that leaf lard is not only better, but, if used rightly, is the most economical. So she always insists on leaf lard.

### Labels Today Must Be Truthful

At first she often failed to get leaf lard, for there was no way to tell, except by results, what really was leaf lard.

Today the law forbids mis-branding. If a maker says "leaf lard" on a label he must have leaf lard in the pail. One can depend upon that.

Some labels say "Pure Lard" — some even say "Leaf Brand." But the label must say "Leaf Lard" — neither "Leaf Brand" nor "Pure Lard" is leaf lard.

If you know about labels and read them you cannot be mistaken. Simply look for a label that reads like this:

## Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard

### Sealed Under Government Inspection

Every pail of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard is sealed across the top with a strip of tin, showing that Government officers have inspected the contents. No other lard comes to the housewife with such a seal.

No other lard can be depended upon to the same extent. We make it from that dainty bit of fat that surrounds the hog's kidneys.

We make it in an open kettle just as it used to be made on the farm. But we use open jacketed kettles and we employ infinite skill.

Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard has a wonderful flavor that all other lards lack. We make other lards in this better way, but our best is that labeled "Armour's 'Simon Pure' Leaf Lard."

Enough of this lard can not be made to supply more than one-sixth of the people, because there is not enough of leaf fat. So leaf lard goes only to those who insist on it. Once try Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, madam, and you'll *always* insist on it.

For you have never tasted such pastry as you can make with it. Tell the dealer you want Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard. Don't take any other. See what the best lard can accomplish.

**ARMOUR AND COMPANY**



# Give Baby A Fair Start

Proper feeding during the first year of a baby's life goes far toward building up a strong, healthy child.

**All physicians are agreed that cow's milk, properly modified, is the best substitute for mother's milk.**

Cow's milk is different from the food nature intended baby to have. Unless it is modified to resemble mother's milk it may do permanent injury.

# Lactomode Pasteurizer

The Lactomode Pasteurizer is the only scientific invention for this purpose. It is simple and effective.

With the Lactomode, cow's milk can easily be modified to meet the requirements of each infant. Then pasteurized, destroying all the active germs without changing the food value. Physicians endorse it. The Lactomode means good health for the baby. Saves many times its cost in Doctors' bills. Ask your family physician or druggabout it.

**MOTHERS**, write to us, giving the name of your druggist. We will send free our illustrated booklet "According to Baby Health." It contains the latest thought of modern science on the vitally important subject of baby health. Every mother needs this information contained in this book.

**THE LACTOMODE COMPANY**  
1092 Chapline Street Wheeling, W. Va.

The mother of Ruth Chisholm (Etma Green, Ind.) found she could not stand the strain of nursing, and was compelled to put baby on the bottle. Several infants' foods were tried with poor success.

# Eskey's Food

agreed with her from the first feeding, and Ruth continued to thrive, as her picture shows.

Hundreds of similar cases prove the strength of our claim that Eskey's Food added to fresh cow's milk is the nearest approach to Mother's Milk.

A generous free sample of Eskey's (10 feedings) and our helpful book "How to Care for the Baby" will be sent free for any mother on request. May we send yours to-day? If convenient use the attached coupon, or a post card will do.

**EMILT. KLEINE & FRANCH CO.**, 439 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Write for "How to Care for the Baby's Food," and your book.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City and State \_\_\_\_\_

# The Young Mothers' Guide

By Emelyn Lincoln Coolidge, M. D.  
Former House Physician of The Boston' Hospital, New York.

Doctor Coolidge has a plan to answer the questions of young mothers about their children. When an answer is desired by mail a stamped, addressed envelope must be inclosed.

## The Sick Child Mumps

GENERAL epidemics of mumps are not often seen, but it is decidedly an infectious disease. It is characterized by the swelling of the glands at the sides of the face, which are called the parotid glands; sometimes other glands are also affected. The cause of mumps is in all probability a special microorganism, but it has not yet been surely found.

Although children of all ages may have mumps it is chiefly seen in those of school age—between four and fourteen it is especially found. Children are not so susceptible to the poison of mumps as they are to most of the other infectious diseases; therefore, even when they have been exposed to a case it is not at all certain that they will contract it. It is nearly always contracted by direct exposure, but may possibly be carried by a third person or by clothing.

FROM the very beginning of the first symptoms mumps is contagious and continues to be so for several days after the swelling has disappeared. It is usually safe to care a isolated three weeks or two after the swelling has disappeared. If a child has been exposed to a case of mumps and he is to contract it he may do so at a time from three to twenty-five days afterward.

The first sign of the swelling as the first symptom; in others, however, there may be headache, loss of appetite, vomiting, pain in the back and legs, and a variable fever before the swelling is seen. These symptoms may last a day or two after the swelling commences. In a mild attack the temperature is generally 102° or 103° at first, but in severe cases it may be 102° to 104° Fahrenheit.

Even before the swelling is very noticeable there is more or less swelling of the jaws or on pressing over the parts; this is usually much increased by taking any acid or stimulant or lemon into the mouth. The lower, back part of the jaw just below the ear is the point where the pain is the most severe. The disease may be limited to one side only, or both sides may be involved at once, or the swelling occurs several days or even longer after the other side. The gland continues to be swollen for a day or two or three days, and then begins gradually to grow down, to swell less, and to become very great. It extends upward behind the ear forward to the front of the face, and toward the center of the swelling often being the lobe of the ear. The position of the swelling should be remembered, for it often helps greatly in deciding the nature of the disease and distinguishing from other swellings in the neighboring regions. If one stands behind the patient the typical swelling may be often well observed. The little glands under the jaw and under the tongue may also be swollen to some extent.

The inflammation of the glands diminished during the disease and the mouth is dry and for the patient is the pain on trying to eat, and sometimes even swallowing is painful; the mouth can be opened only a little way and sometimes the food cannot be chewed at all.

THE treatment of mumps is simple; while there is any fever the patient must be kept in bed and while the swelling lasts confined in one room; the bowels must be kept open by one or some of the more laxative. The diet must consist of milk, broths and gruels while the fever lasts and the swelling is very great; acid fruits and other sour things should not be given, as they usually cause great pain. If the temperature is high alcohol sponges-baths may be given and an ice-cap kept at the child's head. For local treatment hot applications to the swollen glands will give more relief than anything else. A large compress or napkin soaked in hot water (120° Fahrenheit), placed over the gland, then covered with oil silk and held in place by a bandage in the form of a handkerchief, is often helpful in lessening the pain. If it is to be kept warm it will be necessary to change this dressing every twenty minutes, half-hour. The mouth, nose and throat must be kept clean with some of the antiseptic solutions and frequent drinks of cool water given to relieve the dry mouth and throat.

The complication of mumps are not many nor frequent. Sometimes painful swellings of other glandular organs, and older children—especially boys—this complication may occur and occurs there is usually increased fever and perhaps a chill. Occasionally, lymph disease may follow a case of mumps, but this is a disease that has been observed to follow a number of cases of mumps. Many mistakes are made in the diagnosis of a case of mumps. It is often confounded with quite a different thing; adenitis of the neck or simple swelling of the lymph glands. If it were always remembered to note the location of the swelling in mumps—that it extends on to the face in front of the ear as well as behind it—mistake would not so often occur. When the lymphatic glands are involved the swelling is entirely below the ear and behind the jaw and does not extend on to the face. These swollen lymph-nodes may become very large and hard, then gradually absorb their contents. They soften and pass on in them, which will have to be let out by a doctor.

## What Mothers Ask Me

To Relieve Prickly Heat  
My year-old baby is covered with prickly heat which seems to annoy him greatly. It is worse on a thin silk-and-wool hand, silk-and-wool night shirt and a muslin dress. What shall I do to relieve him?  
Miss L. K. M.

Make a little linen shirt to be worn under the silk-and-wool hand; then use the hand, but not the wool shirt, when the days are very warm. Give frequent sponges-baths with a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to a small basin of lukewarm water. When he has his daily tub-bath use a linen bag in the water. After the daily bath and the cool sponges have been given dust the body with the following powder: one cupful of talcum powder, one cupful of powdered corn-starch and a quarter of a cupful of boracic powder, all thoroughly mixed together and free from lumps.

For the Child Who is Hard to Feed  
Have you a diet list for a child of five? My delicate little girl is hard to feed and I would like some suggestions. She is five years old.  
G. H. H.

I have a list that I think I would give, and I will mail you a copy if you will send me a stamped, addressed envelope.

Outdoor Air for the Baby in Summer  
My baby is a bottle-fed child six months old, and I am completely fed up with him in the city all summer. What time of day is it best to take him outdoors? There are no parks or woods near by, and the weather is usually, and his clothing must be on the strictest. A CRY OF CORNERS  
Very early morning is the best time for your baby's streets are comparatively cool. Place the baby in his carriage on a cool cotton pad, not a pillow or blanket, and keep him on the shady side of the street. Give the baby a bottle of his food before you start out and you should take a little breakfast yourself. From one day you will be able to get out in the early cool time in the late afternoon also, say from five to six or seven o'clock.

Outmeal is Too Heating for Summer  
Do you think it advisable to stop giving outmeal during the warm weather? I have been giving it so long, but my little four-year-old girl is very fond of it and I do not want to deprive her of it unless it is really necessary.  
Miss B. P.

Outmeal is usually very heating to the blood and because it is so hot it gives it in warm weather. Hominy, rice or farina may be used instead.

To Prevent "Summer Complaint"  
My neighbor has just lost a baby with summer complaint, and I am so afraid for my own baby who is now eight months old. What shall I do first to show any signs of it? It is best to stop all milk.  
Worried.

Do not hurry toward. Feed the baby regularly, keep everything about him and his food, bottles, nipples, etc., perfectly clean. Be sure your milk comes from a reliable dairy and is kept in ice from the moment it enters your house. Your mother should appear then give a dose of castor-oil at once; stop all milk and between make give barley-water and sweet cream that has first been boiled. It is a great mistake to stop giving water; baby needs it as at this time more even than when he is full. If this simple treatment does not cure the baby in ten days then send at once for your doctor—do not wait until the baby is very ill.

Keep the Baby Dry Through the Night  
My baby gets very wet during the night, then wakes up and cries. Is it best to change her and to keep her covered and wait until morning?  
Miss L. N.

It will be very much better to change the baby-and make her more comfortable when she wakes at night.

Not a Good Plan to Go Barefoot  
My little boy and girl are so anxious to go barefoot during the warm weather. We live in the suburbs. The boy is six, the girl eight years old. Would you allow them to do as they please?  
Miss N.

I do not think it is a good plan to allow children to go barefoot. Any little cut they may get on their feet may prove most dangerous. The germ that causes lockjaw is very prevalent, and many a baby has died of the ail, and there is a slight cut in the foot it readily enters and causes the dread disease.

Children Drinking or Fountains  
When traveling with children is it safe to give them the water one gets on the train or in the station?  
S. C. S.

Yes, it is not a good plan to allow children to drink water one is not sure of. If you have one of the bottles in your trunk made for carrying fluids at a uniform temperature, fill it with cold water before you leave home and give it to the children on the journey. The water in the glass bottle with very cold water and let them have that. Sometimes the porters on a train will keep the bottle of water on ice. Little paper cups are convenient to use for children when traveling.



# BEST FOR BABIES

# Nestle's Food

Chemists say that babies ought to digest cows' milk. But the fact is that most babies can't digest raw cows' milk, no matter how carefully modified.

If your baby is one of the many who can't, you should put him on NESTLE'S FOOD as soon as he is weaned—or at once if you are not nursing him.

NESTLE'S FOOD is a Milk Food, but so treated by the Nestlé process that it is as digestible as mothers' milk.

We have a new book on Infant Hygiene, which we will send with trial package (enough for twelve feedings) free on request.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
Please send me the book and trial package free.

# THE FAIRY CRIB

This Crib, Chair and Walker, all combined in one light, strong and handy article, is the greatest comfort for baby, and the greatest relief for over-worked mothers ever invented.

THE FAIRY CRIB can be instantly changed into a Chair or Walker. It rolls easily to a porch, porch or piazza, and is the most comfortable for baby, and the greatest relief for over-worked mothers ever invented.

THE FAIRY CRIB is made of the finest material, and is so strong and easily carried that it is the most comfortable for baby, and the greatest relief for over-worked mothers ever invented.

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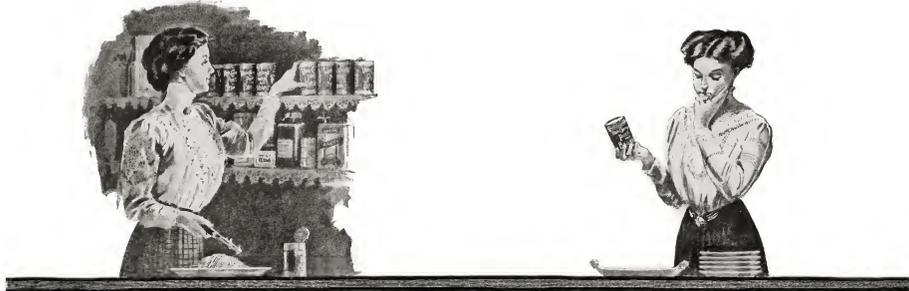
THE FAIRY CRIB is made of the finest material, and is so strong and easily carried that it is the most comfortable for baby, and the greatest relief for over-worked mothers ever invented.

## Advice to Prospective Mothers

By Marianna Wheeler  
Graduate of the Boston Maternity Hospital of New York, and Formerly, Dr. Pettin Vener.

Letters from prospective mothers are answered by mail. No questions of this character are answered in the magazine. Readers are welcome to write to The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, and see that their letters in giving any advice or answering any questions about the mothers themselves, but not about children. All such requests must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

**BABY "BUNNY" BLANKETS**  
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## One Can or Twelve?

You never buy potatoes one meal at a time—nor eggs, nor flour, nor tea. Why, then, do you buy a single can of Van Camp's? Why not a dozen cans?

One can at a time is a relic of old times—when you baked beans at home. Then you baked only one dish at a time because they grew quickly stale.

But that is not so with Van Camp's.

Van Camp's remain, until you open the can, as fresh as when they came from our ovens.

And the greatest delight, from the housewife's view, lies in having them ready to serve.

Why lose all this? Why run to your grocer every time when you want a good meal in a hurry?

You should have a dozen cans on the shelf.

There are millions of you now using Van Camp's.

You no longer spend some sixteen hours to prepare a dish of beans. You have it ready to serve in a minute.

You have given up beans that are hard to digest—beans that ferment and form gas. We are baking them for you in modern steam ovens, heated to 245 degrees.

No longer do you serve beans crisped on the top, and

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For luncheon or supper this is the ideal meal, and a most economical dish.

When you are tired, here's a meal without working. When you are busy, here's a meal without waiting.

Think what it means to have a dozen such meals waiting on the pantry shelf. Don't buy them from hand to mouth.

# Van Camp's

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

## PORK AND BEANS

We use no beans that cost less than \$2.25 per bushel, though some sell for 30 cents. We use no tomato sauce not made from whole, vine-ripened tomatoes.

If you will serve Van Camp's with some rival brand you will never forget the comparison.

Do this sometime when somebody says: "Here are beans just as good." Buy them and see for yourself.

Then you will know that other baked beans, whatever the claims, can't compare with Van Camp's.

For this dish is our speciality. We have spent 48 years in learning how to perfect it. The very costliest

materials are the least that we buy, and we are lavish with the skill that we spend on them.

We could buy tomato sauce for one-fifth what ours cost, and beans for one-seventh what we pay. But we could not, at any price, buy anything better than the materials we use in this dish.

When you find that Van Camp's are the best beans baked, be sure that you always get them.

*Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.*

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# THERMOS

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### A Hot-Day Home Comfort

Don't stand over a hot stove all day, heating and re-heating coffee, tea, milk, water, broth.

Heat it but once—in the morning—as hot as you like it. Then let the fire go out—leave the hot stove for the day—because you can keep any liquid hot all day without fire—without heat—by simply pouring it into a THERMOS BOTTLE.

In a thousand-and-one ways you can use the Thermos to good advantage every day. In a thousand-and-one ways it adds to your comfort and convenience.

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In the New Model Thermos the inner bottle can be easily and cheaply replaced in case of accidental breakage. The Thermos is the only bottle in which this separate-case feature has been patented.

Pints from \$3.00 up. Quarts from \$5.00 up. See the Thermos Bottle today. It's guaranteed by 26,000 dealers. Be sure to look for the name "THERMOS" on the bottle. It is there for your protection. If you don't find it, hand the bottle back and look up a dealer who sells it. It's worth your while to get the genuine Thermos.

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Or, better still, 3 pairs for 50 cents.

INFERIOR METAL MFG. CO., 422 E. 106th St., New York



WHEEL CHAIRS  
SARGENT CO. 293 Fourth Ave. New York

## The Personal Conduct of Belinda

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

Belinda had turned her back to the light and was looking out across the water, her white skirt falling in the wind around her, its hood drawn up over her head and shadowing the sides of her face, though the moonlight fell white across her lips and eyes. Her lips were not smiling and in the eyes there was a hint of scorn.

So that was the result? To be needed money and he had come here-hunting. No wonder he was so well informed about Mr. Bowser's fortune and health, and so tolerant of Amelia's manners. His aunt had told him about the girl, but he had decided that so good an opportunity must not be lost. It would be the only young man in the party who was admiring—whereas Amelia he might very well feel willing to do. And he had been afraid she wouldn't be coming to "personally conduct" a young man so he had kept his identity dark until it was too late for anything to interfere with his plans. Oh, it was all perfectly simple, when one had the key. She had been sure devotion to his aunt did not bring him, but she had been fatuous enough to imagine that, having seen her in the orchard—

Fears of mortification rose to her eyes and glistened in the moonlight. What an idiot she had been! What a double-eyed idiot! He had wanted to make friends with her so that she wouldn't interfere with his making love to Amelia. And he had dabbled Count de Brissac because he resented the Count's attentions to Amelia—afraid another fortune-hunter might get in ahead of him. The whole thing was absolutely clear. Probably everyone had understood—except herself—the trick that she was.

The tears gathered and rolled down her cheeks. Belinda's eyes when she was in a rage, and then went into a worse rage because she was crying. It was so stupid to cry, and it was so foolish to be so angry. Her eyes were swollen. Only look heroines could look like roses fresh from the millinery. Vanity came to her rescue, and she winked violently at the moonlight, which winked back at her understandingly.

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"Miss Carve, this is our dance. It's next to this one, and it's a waltz, worse than the first. The shoed, white figure started slightly at the sound of his voice, but did not turn his head. He too tried to dance, and he had to leave me, Mr. Courtney." She was civil, but her scorned words were plain enough to be read from it during the evening, and Courtney stared wonderingly at the hooded head. Her face he could not see.

"But I've counted so on this last one—always going to play the blue Blues" again. You said you liked it, and—"

"You'll really have to excuse me," said Belinda to the moon; and Courtney turned on his heel. "What had he done now?" What had he done that she should have everything so wrong so soon?

She hid her hands into his pockets he stalked off to the bow of the boat and stood there staring, savagely out at sea while the "blue Blues" were being danced and promised. Sublimely he tried to stave the music out from consciousness, but he stumbled in his ears and tugged at his heart until it died away in a final, lingering appeal.

Five minutes later, dancing the last dance with Amelia, he passed Miss Carve and Count de Brissac, who were standing and her dancing held no hint of fatigue.

"The Count's a gorgeous creature," said Amelia.

"The crowd on deck dwindled rapidly after the music stopped. All of the older folk promptly turned their faces backward; and, though the younger and more intelligent tried to leave the moonlight wickerly behind, they too disappeared gradually with last regretful glances toward their eyes."

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

and believe it, except in one foolish twist of my mind, where the fish sticks fast. Everybody has been good to you—aren't going to be the one to hurt me, are you?"

By the time Farwell had finished reading the book had died out of the scene, save for a tender blue flame, almost as exquisitely delicate as the color which still waxed in the girl's face, where she had been shaded by the letter into his pocket.

The room had been breathlessly still, except for the rattle of papers, when she turned the page. The rattle of papers it seemed as if, turned twenty! She was assuring herself blankly that she was reading it the second time—then, after all, he did not understand—when there was a faint crackle as she shoved the letter into his pocket. The next moment he was beside her, holding her close, almost crooning over her as a mother might have, but with strangely unmaternal interjections every now and then.

"Floor, blessed heaven! I think that I never knew, and that I went on trying to treat grown-up young women! Wasn't it the worst luck that I had to be that letter of all other cranks! Who did you write it? How did it get there? Never mind. Of course, you don't know. I have thought it was a nice, bombastic old prig. I can't make out why you didn't throw me over inside of twenty-four hours. Hanging would have been too good for me if I'd ever had that letter and hadn't taken the first chance to you."

"Oh, I didn't expect you to do that!" he protested.

"Well, it's what I should have done if I had got that letter. Do you think I could have expected anything else?"

"I told me not to be afraid?"

Farwell laughed. "I've admitted, I suppose so. You see that was always the thing I missed in you. You don't mind my saying so now, do you? You seemed so clever and so sure of yourself. You had everything and everybody at your feet, and I didn't see how

Belinda, strolling up and down the deck with the Brazilian mine-oven, upon whom the beauty of the night was having an emotional effect wholly incompatible with his limited command of English, passed a jolly group of whom Miss May appeared to be the central feature, and woke to the realization that the year was late and that she was a chaperone.

She stopped beside Laura May's steamer-chair and touched the girl lightly on the shoulder. "Come, my dear. It's frightfully late."

A chorus of protests arose. "The last night, the last night, the last night," they all cried. But the chaperon, having once remembered her role, was adamant. "Where's Amelia?" she asked.

"The foolish thing went below half an hour ago. Said she was deserted and happy."

Belinda felt a faint surprise. Amelia did not often fall by the way.

Laura May reluctantly followed her chaperon down to her stateroom and back to the cabin below her door. "It seems a bit late to bed," she sighed. "But at any rate, we won't land before late tomorrow evening and the moon comes up early. Good-night, Miss Carve."

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She went on down the corridor to her own stateroom, and Belinda turned into the cabin-hole which she shared with Miss Perkins, began to make ready for bed; but she found herself wondering about Amelia. It wasn't like the child to go to bed while any of her friends were still making merry. Why she was not feeling well. It would be wise to make sure she was all right.

Laura May opened the door when Miss Carve rapped and looked embarrassed when she saw her visitor.

"Miss Amelia asked?" asked the chaperon, stepping to the moonlight doorway. "She isn't here, Miss Carve." Laura May stammered to get up and look somewhere. "I've been thinking she'd come in any minute. She really did say she was going to bed, Miss Count."

Belinda did not wait to discuss that matter, but hurried to her stateroom, threw a steamer-coat on over her dressing-gown, and was on the top step of the companionway when she heard a rattle and saw a doorway, her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining. The flush and rattle were hers, but she saw her chaperon, but she plunged into the breach without waiting for permission.

"Miss Carve, I'm so sorry. I went up on the hurricane deck and I didn't know that it was so late and that everybody had gone below."

"Laura May told me you had gone down to bed."

"Well, I did start, and then I got to talking, and that was a lovely night. I'm awfully sorry."

"You are very impudent, Amelia. Don't let the sort of thing happen again."

Belinda was conscious that her reproval was inadequate, but a twinge of conscience told her she had not been quite so careless, had not fulfilled the whole duty of a chaperon; and, too, her mind was so excited from the enormity of the offense by speculation as to Amelia's companion and her interest. Twenty-four hours earlier she would frankly have asked the girl who had been with her. Now, fearing the curiosity was personal rather than judicial, she was provoked with herself for caring to know.

And Amelia got off easily, but her chaperon's curiosity was satisfied, after all, for, glancing back as she followed the girl down the steps and into the Jack country, she came into the moonlight.

She did not wait to see that Count de Brissac followed close upon Courtney's heels.

CONTINUED IN THE AUGUST JOURNAL

## The Letter She Didn't Send

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

you could know what it was to want some one to bully the world for you. That sort of thing's about all I'm good for. So it rather made me sick now. I don't mean much use to you as—as a Gailing gun would be to a butterfly that never comes out of its cocoon."

The girl laughed, but it was a happy, relaxed sort of laugh this time, with all the tension gone out of it. "And all the time," she said, "I'm trying so hard to be dignified and sensible and—grown-up, and I thought you were dumfounded or maybe disgusted with that letter that you wouldn't even answer it."

She hid her face on his shoulder as if she were really a child, and there was a child's plaintive sweetness in her voice. "Then you will be good to me?"

"Yes, little girl."

"You'll love me sometimes?"

"I just won't!"

"And take care of me?"

"Only give me the chance!"

"The next time I ask you to collaborate?" she laughed. "You won't get mad and go off?"

"No, I've begun, then hesitated, it well, after a pause, that depends on whether you will collaborate with me."

"But of course I will!"

She laughed triumphantly. "All right! The very first time!"

She hid her head suddenly. "Ju-Ju!" she stammered.

"Isn't that the month for her?"

"For what?"

"For the kind of collaboration I mean; the kind that's for her better for you, richer for you, more for the world's part." His voice was very low, but then his lips were very close.

"Let's collaborate, Ju-Ju. Don't you'll you?"

"When I wanted you to collaborate," she said automatically, "you started to go home."

"Home," he repeated. "When we collaborate in June, dress, we'll go home—together!"



## White Mountain Ice Cream— Everywhere and All the Time

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Every housewife knows—every food manufacturer knows—that Benzoate of Soda is not necessary in the right kind of ketchup.

Government officials know it, for the U. S. Department of Agriculture has issued a bulletin showing that ketchup can be prepared and kept without artificial preservatives.

Benzoate of Soda is generally used to prevent inferior, unwholesome materials from further spoilage, and to allow the presence of water in the place of solid food. The drug also permits unsanitary handling and loose manufacturing methods. More than this, eminent medical authorities have declared it harmful to health.

## HEINZ Tomato Ketchup

*Contains No Benzoate of Soda.*

The tomatoes used in it are especially grown from our own seed. They are the best that soil and climate can produce—fine flavored, meaty, solid.

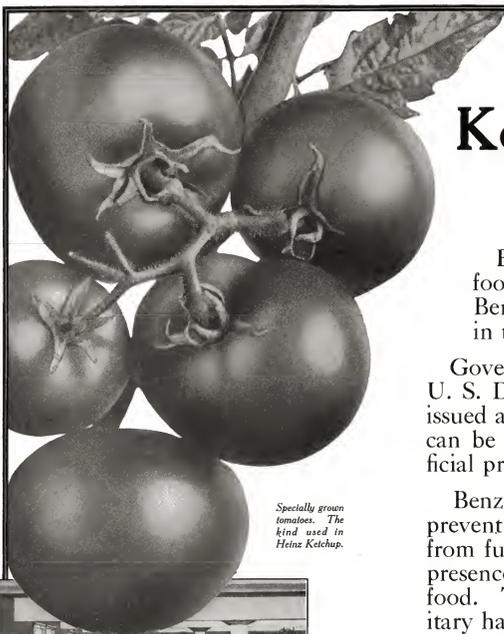
From the field to the bottle is a matter of but a few hours. The tomatoes are invariably vine-ripened. After sufficient cooking, spices of our own grinding, granulated sugar and pure vinegar are added—but not a drop of anything chemical or artificial—and opened or unopened, Heinz Ketchup keeps.

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No Benzoate of Soda or other artificial preservative is used in any of Heinz 57. They are guaranteed to please or money back. Thousands of visitors pass through Heinz Model Kitchens every year and witness our care and cleanliness and the quality of our materials.

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## SOME MIDSUMMER SOCIAL AFFAIRS

By Mary McKim Marriott

**DINNER** on the Fourth —A Declaration of Independence dinner could be carried out by young married people in honor of the glorious holiday. The opening words of the Declaration of Independence may be modified as follows for the invitations to the dinner, partly as a tribute to the significance of the day, and partly for the purpose of expressing the general sentiment of the affair:

When, in the course of social events, it becomes our privilege to furnish an evening's entertainment to our friends, and it is our desire to promote their happiness, we do solemnly declare that we will give a "Declaration of Independence" dinner on the evening of July the Fourth, etc.

For the center of the table furnish a fort of damp sand, and over it unfold a little silk flag. On the ramparts stand Cupids on guard, each with a bow and arrow and a military cap. Cannon manned by Cupids and knapsacks should be stationed at the places. Piles of wet, hollow, heart lozenges should hold the positions usually occupied by mounds of cannon-balls. The little hearts may each contain some bit of good-natured marital sarcasm for and against woman suffrage.

During the dinner the cannon may be "trained on the fort," in other words, arguments "for" matched with arguments "against." Each man may be given an opportunity to prove her right to her claim for independence; each lady should be appointed to decide the merits of the various debates.

For the menu pressed chicken may be moulded to represent a fort, topped by a very tiny silk flag. Stuffed potatoes may be served on cart-wheels made of slices of "love-apple"—tomato. Cannon-balls of potato may be served on the fish course, each to be pierced by an arrow of filled paper, and every arrow containing a choice marital remark.

Cold tongue may be served under the title of "Woman's principal instrument of warfare." Ice-cream may be moulded as cannon and delicious cannon-balls of feed angel-cake may be passed. Each bit of cake may be pierced by the skirmishing which just such balls of confection are likely to bring about in the first exchange of marital hostilities.

How to Have a "Rest-Cure Luncheon"

FOR those of us who are worn out with the season's gayeties suppose we plan a lazy "Rest-Cure Luncheon." The hostess for such an affair could arrange a hall, piazza as a sanitarium sun-parlor, fitted up with hammocks, chairs piled up with cushions, stoves littered with books, magazines, and flowers.

Each "patient" may be subjected to a number of pertinent questions from the "resident physician" (the hostess) before she is enrolled for treatment; her manner of responding to her examination largely determining the condition of her nervous system.

The notes of invitation should request each guest to bring a dressing-sacque which she dons before entering the sun-parlor. There assigned to a delightfully-comfortable chair, her feet propped up on cushions, and cushions tucked behind her head, each woman should close her eyes and begin a lazy, luxurious morning of complete relaxation.

Half a dozen friends, dressed as trained nurses, should be in charge of the "patients"; are comfortably seated one of these nurses may begin to read a soothing short story. This story should be interrupted after fifteen minutes by the appearance of "nourishment"—incidentally, the first course of the luncheon, fried bouillon. After the bouillon-cups are taken away five minutes' massage should be prescribed before the "patients" are allowed to speak.

After naming each girl may be given her "medicine." powders—to be applied externally when needed—the small pill-boxes containing bags of chamomile salt, luteinohol around with colored silks, and holding talcum powder. Then the story may be resumed, to be interrupted a second time by the appearance of creamed chicken with mushrooms. And so the affair should proceed to the end of the luncheon.

Games for a Patriotic Porch Party

PROGRESSIVE games might be used for a patriotic porch party. Each small table may be made to resemble a porch, the top being covered with checkcloth and the sides draped with crepe paper and bunting. A tattoo on a big bass-drum should mark the beginning and end of the various games. Small flags, the blue ends of which should be tucked under the ends as tallies; a little gold star, awarded for each game won, being placed on the blue end.

In the first table contest the girls, when to make a "Betsey Ross" flag from scraps of red, white and blue paper, and counting the finished, perforated cards may be stitched with red, white and blue woaded, denim, cotton and muslin, and may be marked with the cards. Contestants at table three should each make a flag of sandpaper. At table four each guest may be provided with a clay pipe, black crepe paper, putty and sandpaper, with which to make a "freedom" pipe.

Refreshments may be passed in pasteboard knapsacks, each containing a can of torpedo-salad filled with shrimp salad; cheese straws moulded like little boats or hardtack, and a bunch of "freedomers" filled with olives and salted nuts.

Mrs. Marriott will answer by mail questions in regard to entertaining and social events. Send questions to her care of The Journal. Such questions should be sent in two or three in advance of the date of the entertainment.

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Everwear does not sacrifice ease or style for durability. The heel and toe are given extra strength but not extra thickness. These parts are the same as the balance of the hose—the weave is merely made very much closer at these points, but not thickened.

This is done by the exclusive Everwear process. That is why you cannot get the Everwear quality in any other hosiery. Isn't this the kind of hose you want—the kind that not only gives you

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Then remember the name—"EVERWEAR"—and look for it on the hose. For it's so easy to become confused in names. Order six pairs from your dealer today. If he hasn't them, we will send them express paid to any part of the United States. Send for your free booklet, "An Everwear Year."

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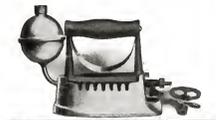
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Use the Ideal Self-Heating Sulf from free for 10 days—iron two long washings with it every day on the line. Then you do up yourself—in the sewing room for pressing—iron everything from the heaviest bedspread to hosiery—sleeve caps.

**Iron in Comfort**  
Away from the hot kitchen, without taking an extra step—a question of 10 or 20 seconds of time.  
The Ideal Self-Heating Sulf from is absolutely safe and convenient. It is simple—nothing to get out of order—strong built to last a lifetime. You can regulate its heat instantly—something not possible on an electric iron. It is available in every city—*ask for it for 10 days free.*  
The Ideal Self-Heating Sulf from comes in three sizes: The Household size, 6 lbs., for 2 lbs. for domestic use; the Ladies' size, 14 lbs.

Write us today, we will send you one free trial offer.  
**THE IDEAL SELF-HEATING IRON MFG. CO.**  
Dept. 36, Cleveland, Ohio.  
DEALERS: WRITE FOR AGENCY AT ONCE.

## If You Embroider

you will sooner or later discard silk for the new and better embroidery material, GLOSSILK. So much better than silk in every way that a single trial will forever convince you of its superiority.

## GLOSSILK

Brighter than Silk  
Not only brighter than silk but more beautiful. You can accomplish more easily and more quickly with Glossililk than with silk. The finest embroideries are now being made with Glossililk—the best embroidery store site recommending Glossililk. Try it. Glossililk is produced in every color—write to your dealer, or write to us giving his name.  
Percival Uppman & Co., Dept. A, 101 to 113 Grand St., New York

Send your address and we will mail you a packet of **Rayon Samples**, containing the best of Rayon in all colors—Long, Ohio, Nainsook, Lingerie, Cotton, Empress, and others. Write and request **Rayon Samples**. We have you money and proper expense on all orders. Write to us for our complete list of goods and our descriptive. Write for Rayon samples to: **REYNOLDS & CO., Dept. A, 987 Broadway, New York**

## A \$500 PRIZE OFFER

Have you an Attractive Summer Home Which Cost \$1500 or Less?

IF YOU have THE JOURNAL wants to see what you have accomplished, and to know how it was done. It is not the matter whether your summer home is a mountain cottage, a remodeled farmhouse, or just a camp in the woods, provided the result is good and the cost did not exceed \$1500—and the lot the cost the better.

For the best illustrated articles received THE JOURNAL offers the following prizes subject to the conditions below:

- \$150 as a First Prize
- 125 as a Second Prize
- 100 as a Third Prize
- 75 as a Fourth Prize
- 50 as a Fifth Prize

Read These Conditions Carefully

EACH article must include: First, at least one photograph of the exterior of the house and at least one photograph of one of the main rooms of the interior—the living room, for instance. These photographs should be clear and sharp in detail and must include a 7 x 7 inch or larger. Second, a floor plan drawn in pencil, or pen-and-ink, or in blueprint form, showing the location and size of all the rooms, closets, porches, etc. Third, a description not exceeding one thousand words, and if possible, fewer if possible, which will tell why you built the house, where it is located, of what material it is constructed and how it is finished. Fourth, an itemized statement of the total cost, itemizing the cost of the lot, not to exceed \$1500, and in awarding the prizes.

The Judges Will Favor the Contributors Who Have Accomplished the Most for the Least Amount of Money.

In addition to the prizes we may pay not less than \$25 each for any articles which we can use. No contributions to this offer will be returned unless the correct amount of postage or expressage is inclosed for that purpose. Also, the judges reserve the right to award the prizes in case the material submitted is not up to THE JOURNAL'S standard. This offer will close on September first, when contributions must positively be in the hands of

THE ASSOCIATED EDITOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PHILADELPHIA

## THE GIRLS' CLUB With One Idea: To Make Money

GOODNESS me, how busy the Club is! "Vacations"? Yes, indeed, we are all planning for them, but the most of them are to be "up and doing" through the summer. The following letters show that they know just what to do.

"The Manager of the Girls' Club: "Your column has such a pulse of life in it. I'd like to get into the fun. I'm a college girl, getting through on her wits, and I need money. Is there any place for me? A GAIN FROM HOME."

"The Manager of the Girls' Club: "I am quite an old girl and a school-teacher. I have not much leisure time now, but shall have in my summer vacation. I have been trying to save money to pay the mortgage on the home where my parents live. I have been trying to save money to be able to make this summer amount to something in dollars and cents."

"The Manager of the Girls' Club: "Can you give your friends and I have long desired to join your Club—your column sends me fourteen and informal, but has thought the Club included only large girls. My dear, I am but twenty years old—I am very needy financially, but I should love to join. A HAY STATION."

"Include" you? Why, my dear "dearsters," our Club would be a dream to you, without your youthful spirits and bright, brave hearts."

The following letter, written on the dainty gray-and-gold embossed Swastika Club stationery, which only Swastika girls have the privilege of using, is from a Massachusetts girl who earned thirty-four dollars and forty cents.

"The Manager of the Girls' Club: "I will use you to this summer. I have received of the Swastika newspaper. I have wanted before acknowledging it to you. I have been very anxious to join this month and to thank you for this. I am a teacher and I have a very good vacation fund during the summer. The idea of the Club is a very good one. I have never before been pleased with its successful execution."

So pleased am I that I want every schoolgirl and school-teacher to make the Club the best of the summer months, her "star" source for working, and I want every teacher or schoolgirl who needs to make money to write to me, and learn how the largest Club in America has helped her. I'll gladly reply regularly.

One word more. While inviting new members into the Club, I want to remind the old ones what an equal part they have had in their part from also. Will you let me girls, while you are away on your vacations, and tell me of your good times; and the vacation to be paid for with Girls' Club money, so much the greater satisfaction.

THE MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PHILADELPHIA

## 2c a Week Pays Wash Bill! Electricity or Water-Power Does the Work

Just a "Twist of the Wrist" Starts or Stops the Machine! The 1900 Motor Washers are now at work in thousands of homes. They are doing the work formerly done by women, at a cost of less than a week for power! Saving thousands upon thousands of dollars in wash bills. Saving months of wear and tear. Leaving the women free to do other work while the machines are doing the washing.

## The 1900 Motor Washer Washes a Tubful in Six Minutes!

Handles heavy blankets or dainty laces. The outfit consists of the famous 1900 Motor Washer with either Electric Motor or Water Motor. It is built on top of the tubs and back and collapses when not in use. It folds the clothes for easier life. And it will take 100 lbs. of laundry in 6 minutes. It is so easy that even a child can operate it.



1900 Water Washer Can be operated with any water supply. Lasting.

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Let Us Send It To You! It tells the most practical way to cook, absolutely how meats, poultry, game, fish, bread, of fuel, labor, and soap. It explains and proves cereals, vegetables, etc., are cooked properly in 10 minutes.

## Caloric Fireless Cookstove

and much cheaper than is possible by any other process. It explains why, by its use, all the cheapest and toughest cuts of meats are made tender. Why there is no fat in hydrocarbon cooking—no smoking—no frying. Why there is no escaping odors. Why there is no loss of burning or overcooking. Why there is no loss of cooking. Do not confuse the Caloric with other fireless cookstoves. It is the only one in the world.

BAKES AND ROASTS

Use it in the kitchen or in the dining room. It is a regular stove. It is absolutely sanitary—no gas, no fumes, no smoke. It is built on top of the tubs and back and collapses when not in use. It folds the clothes for easier life. And it will take 100 lbs. of laundry in 6 minutes. It is so easy that even a child can operate it.

For Summer Cottages

100 page handsomely bound booklet (free with every Caloric, or mailed for 50 cents, which is refunded when you buy a Caloric). The Caloric Co., 200 McKay Blvd., Janesville, Wis. (Formerly at Grand Rapids, Mich.)

are not satisfied. Ask your merchant to show you a Caloric. If the owner will let you see it you will be interested in it. The Caloric is especially adapted for use in summer cottages. Write for it today.

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## A Really SAFE Refrigerator—The "Monroe"

The Monroe is the only refrigerator on the market with its own motor. It is built on top of the tubs and back and collapses when not in use. It folds the clothes for easier life. And it will take 100 lbs. of laundry in 6 minutes. It is so easy that even a child can operate it.

NOTE—You are not buying a Monroe Refrigerator—You are buying a safe refrigerator. It is built on top of the tubs and back and collapses when not in use. It folds the clothes for easier life. And it will take 100 lbs. of laundry in 6 minutes. It is so easy that even a child can operate it.

Monroe Refrigerator Co., Station O, Cincinnati, Ohio

JUNKET PRODUCTS ENGRAVED \$7.00 THE BELL BOOK & STATIONERY COMPANY INVITATIONS For the first 100 \$2.50 For Each Additional Order \$1.00. Write for book of samples, unexpended for artistic excellence. Sent on 10c order. Write now.

### Bishop's Special Values In Bed-Room Furniture

These artistic pieces are beautifully finished in your choice of Dark or Light Mahogany, Golden Quartered Oak, Curly Birch or Bird's-Eye Maple. They have finest quality French Bevel Mirrors, Solid Brass Hardware, Perfect Locks and Casters. Bennett Sewing Machine, French Fronto, French Lacquered Bed, Curved Chair, Feet.

**We Ship Anywhere**—allowing furniture to your home. Five days, to be returned at our expense and no money refunded, if not perfectly satisfactory in every way.

**\$12.75** for the Picture Dresser, Worth \$20.

**\$14.75** for the Bed, Worth \$25.

**We Prepay Freight** to all points east of the Mississippi River and north of Tennessee line, allowing freight charge toward points beyond.

Have One-Third on high grade lumber, send us one in name of your order and we will give you a \$10.00 Callow of the same kind. Write to us.

**Bishop Furniture Co., 13-25 South Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.**

**The Foods Shot From Guns**

**Puffed Rice**      **Puffed Wheat**

## A Million a Month

At this writing the sale on Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice exceeds a million packages monthly.

It has almost doubled in the past three months. Every day, apparently, some ten thousand new homes adopt them.

All over the country, one is telling another about these enticing foods. And the others tell others.

Before the summer is over, perhaps a million new homes will enjoy them. Won't you let your home be one?

### Chosen by Three in Four

At our New York lunch room we serve ten kinds of cereals—all our own make—to hundreds of people daily.

We serve all without preference, and all at one price—15 cents per dish. For our object is to learn what people want.

Of each 1,000 people who take ready-cooked cereals, 747 take the foods shot from guns.

Only one-fifth as many take Corn Flakes, one-tenth as many take Wheat Flakes, one-eighth as many take Breakfast Biscuits.

Our patrons are mainly men—men who want foods that are real and substantial. These are the foods they choose.

That indicates clearly that three homes in four will want puffed foods when they know them.

## Puffed Wheat, 10c Puffed Rice, 13c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is the curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved, for sixty minutes, in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous. Then the guns are unsealed. Instantly every starch granule is exploded into a myriad particles, so the digestive juices act promptly.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times—made four times as porous as bread. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have giant grains, crisp and delicious, ready to melt in the mouth.

### The Children's Choice

If we had a lunch room where children were served, it is probable that nothing but these puffed foods would sell.

For the great crisp grains, to the children's taste, are the most delicious foods in existence.

Prove this on your table—shoot what you please say. Serve Puffed Wheat one morning and Puffed Rice the next.

One of these foods will be your breakfast forever, if you let your people choose.

Try it tomorrow—order a package now.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

## The Former Coffee Drinker

wakes in the morning with a clear head and realizes that "coffee bondage" is a thing of the past.

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brings comfort and health—

"There's a Reason."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,  
Battie Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

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(TRADE MARK REG'D U. S. PAT. OFFICE)

**DAINTY THINGS FOR BABIES**

(Copyright 1915, Albert Dwight Smith & Co.)

Our new illustrated mail-order catalog No. 10 contains every requirement for an **INFANT'S COMPLETE OUTFIT** with a list of **BABY'S FIRST NEEDS** and is issued July 1st, and sent to you in a paper sealed envelope with a simple plan, announcement card for a business stamp. **Handwritten orders our specialty.**

**ALBERT DWIGHT SMITH & CO.**  
301 Lyman Bridge, Birmingham, Ala.

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THE SLENDER FORM

The only garment that, without puddling or printing, gives the beautiful high bust, straight waist and long hip. No pressure on neck, lungs or stomach. Braces the shoulders, expands the chest naturally.

Ask your dealer for **SABLIN'S** and look for the name, which is on every garment. Order from us if the custom supply is gone. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

For medium, medium full or tall figures. Made in white or drab cotton, also white batiste. Give special waist measures, bust measure desired, length from armpit to waistline.

**Best grade, \$1.50 medium, \$1.00. Postage 14c. Write for free fashion booklet, full of interesting information.**

**THE SABLIN COMPANY, 1325 Wabash Avenue, Chicago**

### SPECIAL OFFER TO QUICK BUYERS. Talking Parrots \$5

WE will sell 2000 of our regular \$10 Parrots for \$5.00 and guarantee every bird to talk. We sell you the Parrot on trial 60 days. You run no risk. If it doesn't talk you are to return the bird and get your Money Back.

Written guarantee with every parrot shipped anywhere in the U. S., Canada or Mexico on receipt of \$5. Shipping case and food for journey included.

Only 2000 at \$5; order at once.

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Save Stitches for Mother. Made under the arm, place, no stitching. Pleaser, has sticks lighter, cannot soak out.

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Agents wanted. Samples Free. Write now or may be had. Manufactured by Peters Manufacturing Co., Boston.

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Re-enforced Hammock

The best of the Vudor Re-enforced Hammock is woven generally heavier toward the middle, making it strongest where the most wear comes. This is an exclusive patented feature found in no other hammock. Patent feature found in no other hammock.

Write for Booklet and Dealer's Name. We will send you, upon receipt of postal card, the beautiful Vudor Booklet, showing quality of material, Vudor Re-enforced Hammock in actual colors. This booklet also shows the Vudor Porch Saver.

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A MACEBETH lamp-chimney insures a clear, steady, even light from an oil lamp—and that's the best of all artificial light for reading.

MACEBETH chimneys are made of clear glass, they fit, and they do not break from heat.

My name on every one.

Mr. James Chimney Book insures getting the right chimney for any lamp, and gives suggestions for lamps, chimneys, wicks, oils, and tells how to keep lamps in order. I gladly mail it free to anyone who writes for it.

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Our entire method, including study and practice, taught by correspondence.

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- To read; Convalescence;
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- Asthma and hayfever sufferers note: Here's a simple contrivance that raises the head and shoulders with the mattress at any angle.

A child can operate it; goes on any metal bed; set of night's strong, sturdy, inexpensive.

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231 E. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

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**"H. & W." SHEATHLYNE**  
Perfect Form and Corset

combined gives the unobtrusive figure able to any size figure without lacing. A bone to slender women, and peculiarly molds the body. Can be worn as far as the face of the mirror will suggest.

**No Steel Clips No Corset Laces No Brass Eyelets**

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**Medium Grade \$1.00. Best Grade \$1.50**  
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**Save Over Half on Your Furniture**



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Can be assembled by any woman. Easy to put together; no holes to bore, no tool work necessary; no skill required.

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Cocooners of the "Knock-Down" system of home furnishings.



**No. 1 "Devices for Hanging Up the Little Things"**

**Moore Push-Pins**  
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Yours is the celebrated Moore Push-Pin which has won the approval of generations of the world. It is the only push-pin that will hold the fine quality FIBER PAPER. This quartette covers the entire domestic field, and the others all depend on the small push-pin, and will not hold the same.

Send for price list to Moore Push-Pin Co., 171 R. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Well Gowned Women**  
Insist upon gowns being fitted with Peet's Invariable Eyes.



**Peet's Patent Invariable Eyes**  
are superior to all gowns. Assure a perfect fit.

"Fit in the Triangle"  
Sole all corners or mail. In envelopes only. Not on cards. Black or white. 5 dots eyes 5c with sewing books, etc. PEET BROS., Dept. 1, Philadelphia, Pa.

The kind with the natural flavor of the tomato—  
"Keeps" after it is opened.

# Blue Label Ketchup

Pure and Unadulterated,

containing only those ingredients

**Recognized and Endorsed by the U. S. Government**

Made only from red-ripe tomatoes—fresh from the field—(skins, cores and seeds removed) cooked ever so lightly, delicately spiced, and prepared in cleanly kitchens by experienced chefs.

**Formula and label unchanged—the Food Law now conforms to our high standard of excellence.**

Our aim has always been Quality and our many products—including our Ketchup—Canned Fruits, Vegetables, Meats, Soups, Jams, Jellies, Preserves, etc., are the acknowledged standards of Purity and all that is Best.

Insist upon goods bearing our name. Do not accept substitutes.

Write today for our booklet "Original Menus," telling what to have for breakfast, luncheon, or dinner.

Our kitchens, in fact all portions of our factory, are always open and visitors are made welcome.

**Curtice Brothers Co.**  
Rochester, N. Y.



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The latest favorite among delicious things to eat. Wholesome, inexpensive, easily made ready for the table. Simply select the flavor you want, dissolve contents of package in 1 1/2 cups of boiling water and set to cool.

10 cts. a package

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The flat chested woman was never of so great a disadvantage as in today's stylish, slender fashions. A high, broad bust and graceful taper at the sides is imperative. Light, clean, neat. Par's Laundress. If you get it, it's money back or a satisfactory. Booklet for postal. Please give merchant's name. Address **SHIRR-RUFFLE CO., 215 E. Spring St., Lima, O.** Member of the C. O. W. C. If outside, add postage.

**Before You Build**  
or remodel your house you owe it to yourself to get this De Luxe catalogue of

## KING MANTELS

They excel all others in artistic appearance, honest construction, distinctive style and reasonable price. This big book costs you nothing and it interests people only for the 10c parts per delivery charge. Free a booklet of 25 paper book showing all prices of King Mantels and letters from many satisfied buyers. Write for these books while this opportunity is before you.

**KING MANTEL COMPANY**  
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**"Human Talker"**  
Is the registered name of my parrot. The only Parrot in existence which imitates the human voice in perfect tone, to talk and sing like a person. Young, tame, hard to catch, sure to live.

**SPECIAL PRICE \$10.00**  
Book Human Talker with entire literature. Send by express with order for \$10.00. One of a Thousand Similar Letters on File. Send for yours by mail to-day. I have Parrots from you and we will say that \$10.00 would not buy a better bird. He was everything that a parrot should be and has proved more than you claim in your correspondence. Write and Mail. I. GARDNER, Eugene, Oreg., U.S.A. Oct. 18, '08. **MAX GEBLER, BIRD CO., Dept. B, Omaha, Neb., U.S.A. and other countries. Free literature. J. G. G. Large Illustrated Catalogue \$ and Proof Free.**

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The OXYGEN Tooth Powder  
Prevents Decay  
Dentists advise its use.  
All Druggists, 25c. Cents.  
First Size (See and Sample) sent on request.



**10% Sale Baby Clothes**  
This Sale Baby Clothes is a real baby's closet. It contains 100 beautiful pieces of baby clothes, children's clothes, etc., in 10c. Postage or express paid.

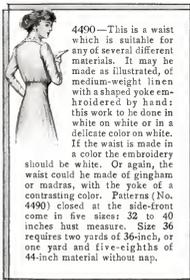
Both sets of 10c. each and 25c. each patterns reg. 25c. each with full size of 10c. each. Write today. Free list of baby's First Needs and Illustrated Art Pictures of Mother and baby by courtesy. Write today. **Mrs. ELLA JAMES, 100 Hudson Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.**

# THE DEPARTMENT OF CLOTHES

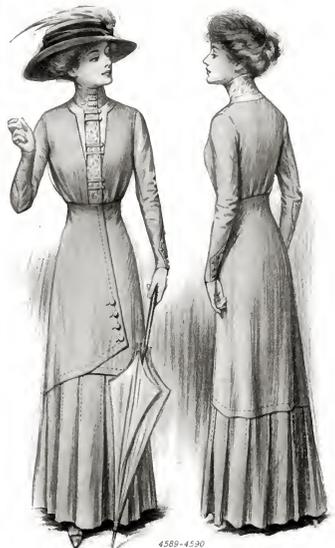
## Clothes to Take Away This Summer

Designs by Mrs. Ralston

Drawings by Augusta Reimer



4490—This is a waist which is suitable for any of several different materials. It may be made as illustrated, of medium-weight linen with a shaped yoke embroidered by hand; this work to be done in white on white or in a delicate color on white. If the waist is made in a color the embroidery should be white. Or again, the waist could be made of gingham or madras, with the yoke of a contrasting color. Patterns (No. 4490) closed at the side-front come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires two yards of 36-inch, or one yard and five-eighths of 44-inch material without nap.



4367-4090—Just the suit for linen, crease or cotton poplin for the summer vacations, with piqué collar of the same color. For general wear choose dark-blue or natural-colored linen, white for nice wear nothing is so pretty as white. If linen is too expensive use a cotton-and-linen material which can be bought for twelve and a half cents a yard, or a cotton poplin which is twenty-five cents a yard. Patterns (No. 4367) for the semi-fitted coat come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires four yards of 36-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 4090) for the acre-spread, flare skirt with inverted box-pleat or habit back come in eight sizes: 23 to 27 inches waist measure. Size 25 requires four yards and three-quarters of 36-inch material without nap.

4593—The charming evening gown on the right may be made of any of the soft summer cottons; mull, chiffon lawn or dotted Swiss. Sheer eyelid embroidery may be used as a trimming, with an edging of narrow Valenciennes lace. No lining is required, as the waist and skirt may be joined and the dress buttoned down the back. This dress could also be used for embroidery founcing as the ruffle, though shaped at the top, is straight at the bottom. Patterns (No. 4593) for this dress, with a five-gored skirt shirred at the top and lengthened by a gathered flounce, come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires eight yards and three-quarters of 27-inch material without nap, eight yards and a half of banding and ten yards of edging.



4589-4590—Either pongee in the natural color or a pin-dotted, dark-blue foulard would be an attractive material for the afternoon dress shown. Make the vest of a colored, embroidered net, with the trimming band of a contrasting color. This is a design which could also be used for a linen or a gingham for the afternoon. Patterns (No. 889) for the waist come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires two yards of 18-inch all-over lace for collar, etc. Patterns (No. 4590) for the skirt, having a three-piece upper section lengthened by a straight, plaited flounce, come in four sizes: 22 to 28 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires four yards and three-quarters of 36-inch material without nap.

4587—Morning dress which would be serviceable in an inexpensive print or in a striped or checked calico, either of which can be bought for seven cents a yard. If a bordered material is purchased the border could be cut off and applied as a trimming. Small crocheted buttons fasten the dress at the side-front and add a decorative touch. This would also make the nicest kind of work-dress for any time of the year, as the semi-fit would be comfortable. Patterns (No. 4587) for this semi-fitting Princess dress, closing at the left side-front, come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires nine yards of 27-inch material without nap, with five yards and three-quarters of narrow banding and four yards of wide banding.

Patterns (including Guide Chart) for the designs shown on this page can be supplied at fifteen cents for each number, post-free. The amount of material required for the various sizes is printed on the pattern envelopes. Order from your nearest dealer in patterns; or by mail, giving number of pattern, bust measure for waists, coat and costumes, and waist and hip measures for skirts, and including the price to the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

## The Economy of Good Taste

By Mrs. Ralston  
Drawings by Anna W. Speakman

Simple and Durable

THE surest foundation of economy in clothes is good taste, so I want to discuss directly and practically a few of the commonest errors into which one most naturally falls, and to point out to you the extravagance as well as the poor taste of over-elaboration. Let us speak of the "best" summer hat; the summer muslin to wear informally in the evenings throughout the year; the dressy blouse or shirtwaist to be worn with the tailored coat and skirt suits of different materials; and the "best" summer dress for a little girl—clothes which should always be of the prettiest, but not "fussed up" in any way.

PERHAPS there are more unfortunate mistakes made in hats than in any other one kind of clothing. In one picture above I have shown a hat in good taste, and in the other you will see one of the unhappy, every-day instances of ill-judged buying that nine women out of ten are liable to commit. This is the hat to be worn with all sorts of clothes from the tailored suits to mid-summer, lingerie dresses. To combine utility and prettiness, I grant you, often difficult, and yet with a little experience it can be done, and the result will repay you not only in good taste and becomingness, but in economy as well.

The difference between these two hats I hope is sufficiently strong to show you more clearly than I can by mere words that I mean by the economy of good taste. You will see that in the light, thin straw hat there is nothing that can possibly last to the re-trimming stage, or even last through the wear and tear of one summer and look well; the straw will not hold its shape, nor will it keep its color, the chiffon rosette will melt and disappear; the cheap flowers will get soiled and be replaced quickly, and the jets of the buckle will fall off and give the last look of dilapidation to this very fleeting, unstable structure—nothing whatever will be left at the end of one short season.

I hope the other hat will show you, in a not unpleasant way, the economy as well as the better taste of putting your money into a good, serviceable straw or chip hat—which can be readily re-made—with simple trimmings of good ribbon—that can be used not only for another hat but for other things—with just a touch of color in a few flowers that can easily be replaced or recyled when the occasion demands. As far as it is possible have everything on the hat a foundation for future use.

AND when it comes to blouses I almost hesitate to touch upon the subject, so vast is the field and so many are the victims. There is nothing in the world that is more useful, more needed and prettier than a washable lingerie shirtwaist or blouse; there is nothing more becoming or more suitable to the majority of people and appropriate for more times and places than this indispensable but so often misunderstood garment. The common mistake in this, as in the lingerie dress, is the misuse of elaborate trimmings. Though trimming characterizes this type of blouse unless you can afford the very best avoid it altogether. The beauty of all cottons and thin cloths, from underwear to embroidered lingerie dresses, lies in their daintiness, simplicity and



As a Child Should and Should Not be Dressed



The First Blouse is Always in Good Taste and the Second Never



Tucks and Some Lace are Preferable to a Mass of Cheap Embroidery

Overtrimmed and Perishable

excellence of workmanship. These are the foundations upon which economy and good taste must be built, and without which good clothes can never exist. No amount of trimming can hide real defects, and always remember that in small things such as a blouse the trimming should be modest and kept in its place and not overstep the bounds of good taste and take up all the room. The trimming should be a small portion of the blouse or the shirtwaist. In this case you want a foundation just as much as in the case of the dress and hat; you want a possession—a thing that you can wear and have something left over at the end of the year. And the advantage is that it will not only look better, but it will also cost you less.

NEXT is the lingerie dress. From the standpoint of both taste and economy the materials and trimmings as well as the type of the dress itself should be such that there is a foundation to work upon through succeeding summers. There should be something good enough in the dress to remodel. I have tried to show in the contrasting illustrations the very false impression of "fine feathers." The lingerie dress, which is a mass of poor machine embroidery and objectionable cheap lace, may for a short time have a certain air of "good clothes," but a second glance will show that it is built on the flimsiest foundation. After one season there will be nothing left but a mass of trash, the embroidery will look coarser and the edges will fray out, and the lace will tear away from the material and not even be worth ripping out to use for any other purpose.

First and last the most striking difference between these dresses lies not so much in the actual cost of the material as in the contrast in taste, and yet they both can answer precisely the same needs. In the simpler dress—shown in contrast to the very much be-trimmed one—you will have a pretty dress and for several seasons a good ground to work upon, since your material will not be cut up by trimming and may be changed from time to time by the addition of simple and suitable trimmings.

WHERE children's clothes are concerned I think the common-sense should be the dominating feature. Fashion may be very well when you grow up, but comfort is the keynote for successful clothes for children, and upon this must rest the good taste, economy and utility of their dressing. Unfortunately one does often see the unhappy, over-dressed child—a poor little martyr to her mother's vanity and foolish mistakes. Such a child is shown in the illustration above in the be-trimmed "best" summer dress—a mass of cheap, common embroideries and laces, and a huge, top-heavy hat—in all of which, both dress and hat, there is neither one atom of beauty nor a speck of comfort for the little wearer. Moreover, at the end of a few short weeks there will be nothing left for a thrifty mother to use for another season. How much better the other little girl looks in the plain lace dress, with the simply-tucked skirt, and but a little good embroidery on the waist—embroidery which will probably out-last the dress.

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The fineness, purity and delightfully refreshing qualities of Williams' Talcum Powders leave a delicious, soft, velvety after effect on the skin of infant or adult.

Two odors—Violet and Carnation.

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To use the soap you ordinarily find when traveling, is unhygienic, unsanitary and risky. For the convenience of travellers, campers, yachtsmen, etc., we are, for a limited time, packing with every four cakes of Jersey Cream Soap, without extra charge, a handsome nickle-plated soap box with hinged cover.

Jersey Cream Soap is as perfect for toilet and bath as Williams' Shaving Soaps are for shaving. Ask your druggist. If he doesn't supply you, send postoffice order for six and we will forward 4 cakes of soap and soap box postpaid.

Address: The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.



## When the Baby Goes Out

### For the Carriage and Street



Good-looking and practical summer coat of white piqué for a baby, which can be bought for four dollars.



Sunbonnet of dimity with piqué poke, for seventy-five cents.



The back of the piqué coat illustrated is laid in an inverted plait. This coat comes in one and two year sizes.



Leather carriage-strap at a dollar and a half; and white piqué parasol-cover costing three dollars and a quarter.



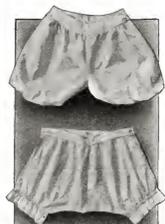
Afghan of white piqué, trimmed with embroidery ruffles and beading, which costs three dollars and a quarter.

## Sewing for Young Mothers

### A Simple Outfit to Make or to Buy



Dainty, hand-made dress of batiste, which comes in small sizes for eight dollars and seventy-five cents.



Cotton poplin bloomers in small sizes cost ninety-five cents, and muslin drawers ninety cents.



This hand-made muslin petticoat, finished with a scallop, comes in the small sizes for eighty-five cents.

**T**HIS little outfit, consisting of a dress, petticoat, bloomers, drawers and night-drawers, shows good styles of useful garments which every child needs, and which may be bought readily made at reasonable prices, or made at home. For any one who can sew at all these little garments—as well as the coat and bonnet at the top of the page—will be no trouble to make.

The dress is suitable for sheer materials, and is made on a simple pattern laid in tucks on the shoulders and may be gathered or smocked across the direct front. The smocking is prettiest when done in a delicate color—using a fast-color linen floss. Stars worked in the center of the box-plaits at the neck as well as the waist not only hold the plait in place but add a decorative touch as well. The skirt is a straight, gathered one attached to a belt. Now here is a point to be remembered in children's clothes: that, when possible, they should be made to allow for the growth of the child. One simple way of making an outfit is to attach the waist to the skirt and set the belt over the joining; then, when necessary, the belt can be set between them to give length. The use of tucks will answer the same purpose. If the skirt is a straight, gathered one without tucks, allowance for three tucks, each one or two inches wide (any number or width desired), can be made above the hem. These tucks, of course, be let down, but a tucked skirt is prettier than a plain one in a sheer dress, so it is well to put in extra tucks for letting down—



Well-made muslin night-drawers which come in small sizes for eighty-five cents.

tucks taken on the wrong side of the skirt with their line of stitching concealed under one of the tucks on the right side. Tucks may also be allowed for in the petticoat, and should the waist become too short a belt may be added.

In children's clothes especially there is no more important point than the finishing, and a flat finishing at that. In the bloomers and drawers, for instance, a double-ply of muslin is used for the yoke and band respectively. This makes it possible to gather and stitch the leg sections of each to the lower ply of the yoke and belt respectively, and then to turn a hem in the upper ply and lay it over the raw edges of the gathers, and stitch on the right side; this gives a flat, neat finish, and is simpler to do than to describe. Where simple hems can be used by all means use them—as in the leg of the night-drawers, for instance—but on a curved edge a bias facing is better. To do this place the right side of the facing to the right side of the garment, stitch on the wrong side, turn over the facing and stitch the other edge of the facing flat, having first turned in a hem. This is the way the armhole and neck of the petticoat should be finished. The skirt can be attached to the waist as described for the bloomers and drawers. In the night-drawers be sure that the collar and cuffs and armholes are ample in size, as they will not only be much more comfortable but will also wear much longer if not subjected to a strain. Use a fold of material for the collar and cuffs, finishing the edge with narrow embroidery.

## Veronique

Here is a new dessert creation—called "Veronique." They are made at the "Sunshine" bakeries, the finest in the world.

Today they are all the fad.

At the most select functions—informal dinners or afternoon tea—they take the place of pastry or cake.

They are delightful for dessert with coffee, tea or ices.

Note their odd shape. Pencil-like, the crust is firm and crisp. The filling is a sweet, delicious cream.

They are so very enticing—everyone likes them.

Try them once and we doubt if you will ever have enough.

## Veronique

Dessert Sticks are at most every grocer's, daintily packed in 25c tins—so their goodness is protected.

Taste these other "Sunshine" dainties—you'll like them as well as "Veronique."

### "Clover Leaf" Sugar Wafers

A Candy Sandwich, in 15c tins.

### "Philopena" Almond Shaped

A new one, too, in 25c tins.

### "Perfetto" Sugar Wafers

A Pastry Confection, in 10c and 25c tins.

On receipt of 50 cents we will ship, prepaid, an extra large tin of assorted sugar wafer dainties.

## LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT CO.

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WITH ICES or cream, "Veronique" fills the want of a bite to eat. Just enough to nibble to be satisfying. Try them at dinner.

## A "Sunshine" Dainty



# The Girl Who Makes Her Own Coquets

## Summer Evening Gowns

By Helen Kouss: With Drawings by M. E. Musseiman

TO MOST of us the summer evening gowns seem to mean pretty, fresh gowns. There are many nice things to be had in informal parties of all sorts that require a dainty gown. So here are three pretties for this month, girls, and I hope you will find one or all of them just the thing you want.

First and foremost I have considered the cost, and any one of these may be made for five dollars or less, though, of course, you can spend as much more as you like by buying more expensive material. You know I always am getting fair qualities of material, as I know it pays, but this year especially there are so many pretty dainties, Swisses, embroidered mulls, etc., that you can buy for twenty-five cents a yard and under, that the materials even for a nice gown need not be expensive. It is the making of good clothes which costs so much, and as you are going to do that yourself your gown will cost, then, but half what it costs the girl who has to have hers made.



The first gown in the group above should be made in one—that is, the waist and skirt joined, as in such cases you go into, and trimmer and neater at the waist-line. Nothing could be simpler than the waist skirt may be made in one, as shown in the illustration, with the high waist-line given by having the band of insertion at the top only; or it may be made tight-fitting—making the dress a Princess—by fitting it in at the waist-line, and having the side-back seams until it fits the figure snugly. Then if you like it better, place a second line of lace at the regular waist-line, stopping the tucks at this point. This gives you a grade of alternate bands of tucks and embroidery and would be quite as pleasing as the semi-fitted gown. It is just a matter of taste.

There are many pretty embroidered flouncings to be had at reasonable cost—especially now, when there are good remnants to be found. In a forty-inch skirt four yards of fifteen-inch flouncing will be required if it is applied in this way: that is, carrying the flounce across the front instead of stopping it at the sides as in the original pattern. The attractive new, hanging-panel effect is given by using lace insertion down the edges of the front gore and carrying it across the front below where the flounce joins the skirt. The patterns give a front gore in one from the waist to the floor, and I should cut it that way, placing the insertion on it at the depth shown in the picture. Then measure how many inches below the top of the flounce you have placed the cross-line of insertion, and slash the flouncing down just that far—allowing for seams, and for slight fullness across the front and cut away the top of the flouncing and the lower part of the front gore which is under the flounce. Keep the flounce all in one piece, and space the gathers so that there will be about an equal amount of fullness all the way around. The pattern calls for three yards and a half of flouncing, but I should get four if you carry the flounce across the front instead of stopping it at the sides.

If you use Swissorget you get a material which has the same texture as the flouncing you buy. If you use Swiss flouncing buy Swiss for the rest of the dress; or if it is batiste, buy batiste. You can probably get one, forty inches wide, for forty cents a yard and under. Of course if the material is narrow it will cost but twenty-five cents a yard. You will also require about a yard of embroidery edging of a narrower width for the lower part of the sleeves and the pieces in the grille at the front and back.

The waist itself is very simple to make, the tucks being perforated in the pattern. The waist and the upper part of the sleeves are cut in one, the tucking being done before any of the seams are sewed. The rest of the sleeve—which just turns the elbow—may be made of the flouncing, putting the finished edge to the bottom. No lining need be used in this dress, but finish the seams neatly, as it will launder and wear a great deal better. Patterns for the waist (No. 4524) come in four sizes, 22 to 40 inches bust measure; and for the skirt (No. 4525) in four sizes, 22 to 28 inches waist measure. If made as illustrated it will take (in the medium size):

- 4½ yards of 40-inch material at 40 cents . . . \$1.70
- 4 yards of 3½-inch embroidery flouncing at 50 cents . . . \$2.00
- 1½ yards of 6-inch wide Swiss flouncing and sleeves . . . .37
- 1 to 2½-yard piece of lace (70) and thread (12) . . . .29
- 52.29

EVEN prettier than it looks is the next dress, which is the sort of a gown which would be especially suitable for flowered material. It is similar to twenty-five cents a yard and twenty-seven inches wide, for instance; or a dotted Swiss in white or a color, at twelve and a half or fifteen cents a yard, would be equally pretty. On either a white or colored material a cream-colored thread lace would form an attractive contrast; and let

4524+4525 4511  
These Pretty Summer Dresses Which Any Girl Can Make Herself

the neck, setting it on to the material and then cutting the material away afterward. Markers at the four corners and at the waist line underneath, overhanging the raw edges to the lace to keep them flat. The sleeves are in one piece and may be plain or the material tucked and then cut by the pattern. Care should be taken to place a plain space between in a pretty arrangement, or they may be tucked evenly.

THE skirt will be a delight to you as it is but two pieces—in narrow material you will have to join the breadths, but as that is just running the selvage edges together on the machine it is never difficult. Use a belt, which I should make of a band of lace, comes to the natural waist-line in the front, but is raised a little in the back. On the waist patterns you will find a line of squares indicating where to join the skirt to the waist. Space a few gathers across the waist, but let the greater fullness come at the back. The tucks around the skirt are not included in the pattern and may be used or not as you like. If your skirt measure is thirty-eight inches when you are to make it is adjusted at the waist, so as to keep the tucks running around evenly. Run the top one and then space the others accordingly, turning up your hem an equal distance from the last tuck. The bands of lace over the shoulders and the two on the skirt should be slip-stitched in place on one edge only, the outer edge on the shoulders and the lower edge of the bands in the skirt being free. Patterns for the dress (No. 4511) come in five sizes, 22 to 40 inches bust measure:

- 2½ yards of 36-inch material at 15 cents . . . . \$ .38
- 2 yards of band trimming at 30 cents . . . . .20
- ¾ yard of narrow lace (6) and thread (12) . . . . .18

LAST of all, here is a dress for bordered material—the sort of dress which may be worn at almost any time, depending somewhat on the material, but the style is one that could be used for a morning gingham with a conventional border of stripes or bands, or with the natural bias bands of the material; an afternoon dimity with narrow embroidery, or the sheerest of flowered batistes with Valenciennes insertion and collar. The flounce is cut with a straight edge, so you will have no trouble in using a bordered material. It would also be charming if made of embroidered flouncing. The panel, instead of being formed by bands of narrow lace, may be made of a band of four-inch embroidery, or of two narrow bands joined by a strip of lace, placing the finished edges to the sides. The dress fastens simply right down the front, and there is a becoming fullness in the waist and some in the skirt—as it is always prettier in soft materials. Of course, if the Dutch neck is not becoming you can put in a chemise.

As a last hint let me say that it is prettier when lace insertion is used to cut away the material underneath with the raw edges carefully turned in and finished by hand. If the lace is sewed on by machine bastie it carefully, and do not use too fine a stitch, so you will allow the tension to be tight. Patterns for the dress (No. 4507) come in five sizes, 22 to 40 inches bust measure. In a plain and bordered batiste combining this dress (in the medium size) will cost:

- ¾ yard of 56-inch plain material at 25 cents . . . . . \$ .91
- 5½ yards of 2½-inch bordered material at 40 cents . . . . .2.15
- 1½ yards of 6-inch wide Swiss flouncing and sleeves . . . . .37
- Lace for collar (50) buttons (18) . . . . . .68
- 52.36

Always remember, girls, in problems which perplex you in making your own clothes I shall be glad to help you if you will write me.



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It is the only talcum powder adapted for use with a puff and that is invisible after application. These properties, together with its delicate perfume of Riviera Violets, make Riviera a perfect face powder. Yet with all its superior quality

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costs no more than ordinary talcum powders and may be freely and inexpensively used for general toilet and bath purposes and as a baby powder.

It prevents excessive perspiration and chafing, and keeps the skin soft, smooth, and cool.

Riviera Talcum Powder is put up in large 6½ oz. jars that prevent any metallic taint or odor being imparted to the powder. The jar has gilt screw cap over screw after top, making an air-tight cover, but permitting the powder to be poured out into a powder puff box if desired. All druggists sell Lehn & Fink's Riviera Talcum in these jars at 55c.

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Upon receipt of a postal card you will send you free a large sample of Lehn & Fink's Riviera Talcum Powder that will allow you to mix riviera.

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How to Order Patterns for These Designs  
 Patterns (including Guide-Chart) for all these designs can be supplied at fifteen cents for each number, post-free. The amount of material required for the various sizes is printed on the pattern envelopes. Order from your nearest dealer in patterns; or by mail, giving number of pattern, mail measure for waist and bust, and waist and hip measures for skirt, and indicating the price in the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pa.

## A Few Ready-to-Wear Clothes

### Some Useful Things Which are Inexpensive



On the left is a tucked shirtwaist of fine lawn, trimmed with embroidered dots of lavender on the front plait and cuffs, with stitching on the ruffle to match. It costs but two dollars and a quarter.

This waist is of textile laid in clusters of tucks, a row of feather-stitching next to each wider hemstitched tuck. It can be bought for three dollars and seventy-five cents.



Lawn dressing-sacque trimmed with ribbon and beading, with wide, gathered sleeves, costing ninety-nine cents.



Sheer, satin-striped, lawn shirtwaist, in plain tailored style with Gibson shoulder-plaits, for one dollar and a quarter.



A lawn blouse trimmed with insertion and crocheted buttons, marked four dollars and seventy-five cents.



Gored petticoat of chambray, with a bias bounce trimmed with machine embroidery, for one-dollar and fifty-seven cents.



Above is a useful wrapper of a light-colored calico with a fitted lining of white cambric. It may be bought for ninety-eight cents.



White skirt of cotton poplin in ten gores with panel trimming. Four dollars and seventy-five cents is its price.

Another white poplin skirt, which is cut in twelve gores, and may be bought for three dollars and seventy-five cents.

## "Onyx"



## Hosiery

Extract from speech  
delivered in Congress,  
April 6, 1909, by

**Hon. Seno E. Payne**

Chairman Ways and Means Committee.

"LORD & TAYLOR are the largest Importers of Hosiery in this country. These people buy in the regular way and do not knowingly handle any merchandise made by the smaller manufacturers, preferring the merchandise made in the large establishments, where better regularity of manufacture is maintained, thus handling the somewhat expert grade of merchandise."

This official statement of facts should cause the consumer to demand the "Onyx" Brand. For Men, Women and Children. From 25c. to the highest grade made. May be had from most first-class shops in every part of the United States. Accept no substitute.

**E 960 Women's "ONYX"** Black "DUB-L TOP"

Cobweb Lisle—resists the ravages of the Garter Clasp. 50c. per pair.

**E 880 Women's "ONYX"** Black "DOUBLEX QUALITY"

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**No. 106 Women's Pure thread Silk, Black, White, Tan, Gold, Copenhagen Blue, Wistaria, Amethyst, Taupe, Bronze, American Beauty, Pongee, all Colors to match shoe or gown. Undoubtedly the best value in America. Pure Dye. Every Pair Guaranteed. \$2.25 per pair.**

**E 325 Men's "ONYX"** Black and Colored Silklisle, double sole, spliced heel. "The satisfactory hose." 50c. per pair.

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**TOASTED  
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 The package of the genuine bears this signature  
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# MENNEN'S

## "FOR MINE"



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is a necessary comfort of modern living. Its delicate touch perfects the refined toilet, soothes baby's fretful hours, refreshes after shaving, and all the year round is at hand for the relief of sun and wind burns, prickly heat, rash, tender and perspiring feet.

Don't take any chances with powders of unknown quality, when you can purchase the genuine as cheaply as the imitations.

Try Mennen's Violet Borated Talcum Toilet Powder, which has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets. **Sample Free**  
Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper). Specially prepared for the nursery. } No Samples  
Mennen's San Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor. }  
Look for the Face on our Special Non-Refillable Box—The "BOX THAT LOX"

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The original and genuine—the kind you have always used. Why take chances with new so-called "Baby Powders," when you know that the genuine Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder is scientifically prepared from the purest materials, and has always given your babies and yourself the relief you seek?